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SEPTEMBER 10, 1971

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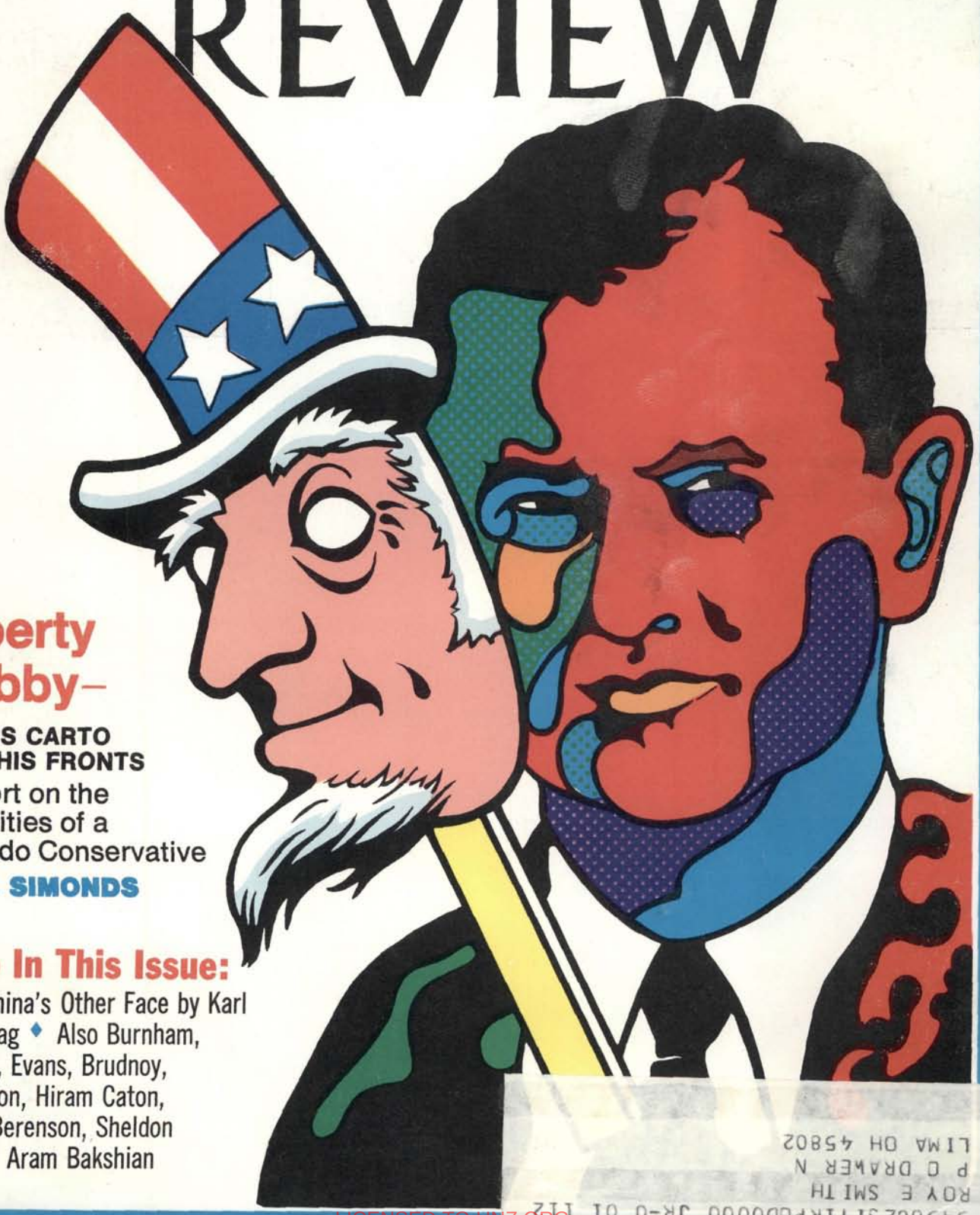
–See Page 1010

NATIONAL REVIEW



Liberty Lobby–

WILLIS CARTO AND HIS FRONTS

Report on the Activities of a Pseudo Conservative

C. H. SIMONDS

Also In This Issue:

Red China's Other Face by Karl Baarslag ♦ Also Burnham, Meyer, Evans, Brudnoy, Hazelton, Hiram Caton, Ruth Berenson, Sheldon Smith, Aram Bakshian

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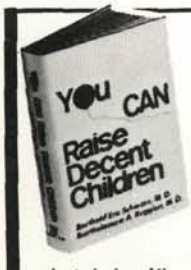

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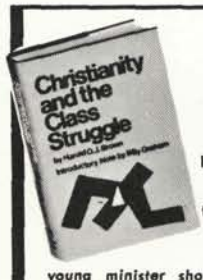

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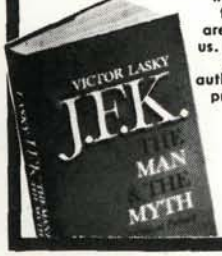

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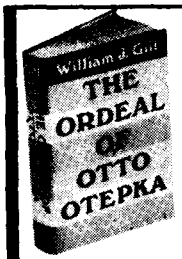

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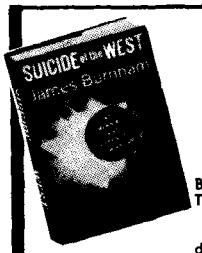

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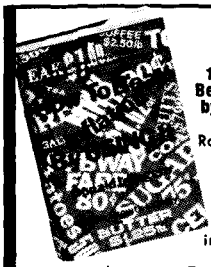

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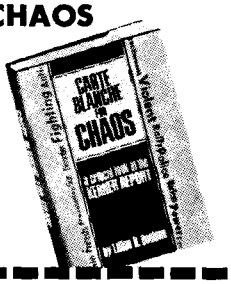

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VOL. XXIII NO. 35 SEPTEMBER 10, 1971

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In This Issue

we feature a report on the dark and mysterious doings of Willis Carto, which is the result of extensive research by Feature Editor **C. H. Simonds**. Mr. Carto did everything possible to intimidate NATIONAL REVIEW and deter us from publishing a piece which undoubtedly will cause some of his constituents to wonder about him. The extensive treatment is necessary because it is such as Mr. Carto who give the right wing a bad name. No doubt Willis Carto will accuse Simonds of being an agent of international Zionism. He isn't, as a matter of fact.

Karl Baarslag worked for Naval Intelligence during World War II, and was a special U.S. Navy representative on Marshal Montgomery's staff, which was in charge of the seizure and exploitation of top-secret intelligence targets in northwest Europe. He was later a consultant to both the House Committee on Un-American Activities and the Senate Internal Security Subcommittee and is now an independent researcher, writer and speaker. . . . Besides being a regular contributor to *NR* and the *Bulletin*, **M. Stanton Evans** is the editor of the *Indianapolis News*, Chairman of the American Conservative Union and a regular commentator on CBS Radio's "Spectrum."

Hiram Caton is leaving Penn State this fall for the Australian National University at Canberra, where he will be a Research Fellow at the Institute for Advanced Studies. He has just finished his first book, *The Origin of Subjectivity*, on Descartes. . . . The Rev. **Sheldon M. Smith** will be covering the trial of the Harrisburg Six for *NR* this fall. . . . **Aram Bakshian** describes himself as a third-generation Armenian Tory. His heroes include George Washington, Mozart, H. L. Mencken and Archie Bunker; Samuel Johnson and Catherine the Great "also had their points." . . . **Martin Williams**' book, *The Jazz Tradition*, has just been brought out in paperback by Mentor.

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1003 **ARTS & MANNERS**

Patricia Brooks loves Galicia, particularly Santiago de Compostela ☐ Ruth Berenson rummages through New England's antique stores ☐ Martin Williams is happy about the way television has developed.

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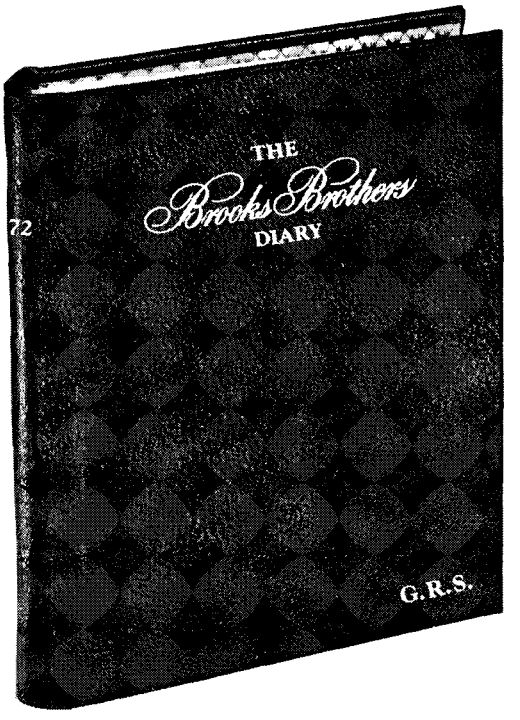

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FOR THE RECORD

■ Feeling the chill: **ABC-TV** reports 75 per cent of the 2,500 Americans it polled late in July favored wage/price controls to stem inflation. . . . Very first lawsuit challenging the freeze filed in U.S. District Court (Washington, D.C.)—by four **Catholic U. professors** who were due to get a raise. They claim Congress acted unconstitutionally in passing Economic Stabilization Act of 1970. . . . Voice from the Past: **Mike DiSalle** (he headed Office of Price Stabilization in the last freeze, 1951-1953) says Office of Emergency Planning can't handle this one without "massive additions" to its 300-man staff. DiSalle had a staff of 12,000, including 3,000 enforcement officers bossed by **Edward P. Morgan**, who says legal sanctions now in force (fines up to $5,000) aren't sufficient; "you have to have a pistol at their heads."

Donato, *Toronto Telegram* Ben Roth Agency

■ Prominent role given **John Connally** in announcement of freeze sparked new speculation that he, not **Spiro Agnew**, will be **Nixon**'s running-mate in '72. But Nixon and Agnew were buddy-buddy at D.C. summit meeting where agency chiefs and department heads got speculation that he, not **Spiro Agnew**, told Connally: "I want to compliment you on the way you handled the question of the inflation of the egos of certain economic writers talking about the possible unemployment of the Vice President." . . . *Playboy* campus poll: 90% of 18-to-21 year olds say they'll vote next year, of whom 58% will vote against Nixon. . . . But he's coming up: Unidex survey of **student opinion** says 32.2% feel Nixon's handling of the job is "good" or "very good" (compared with 28.8% last May); 20.7% say it's "poor" (26.6% in May). . . . **Pete McCloskey** says he must win 51% of Republican vote in New Hampshire primary or he hasn't a chance against Nixon nationally.

■ Hopefuls: Rep. **William Anderson** (D., Tenn.), *Nautilus* skipper turned superdove, indicates he may try for second spot on the Democratic ticket next year. . . . Navy Secretary **John Chafee** mulling a try for Democrat **Claiborne Pell**'s Rhode Island Senate seat in 1972. Poll in *Providence Journal* gives Chafee a slight edge. . . . Rep. **Richard Ichord** (D., Mo.), Chairman of House Internal Security Committee, may not run for the House again, try for the governorship instead. . . . Long-time conservative **Donald "Buz" Lukens** is back in Ohio state senate, and wants to run for Governor in 1974. . . . Conservative Republicans talk about grooming Rep. **Jack Kemp**, big winner in his first try for office last year, to run against **Jacob Javits** three years hence.

■ Death of "Soledad Brother" **George Jackson** being exploited by the "Free **Angela Davis**" crowd; they've mounted a big campaign to get her bailed out—lest she, too, be "murdered." . . . NYC teachers' union boss **Al Shanker** not going along; told American Federation of Teachers convention she's guilty of "political murder," and warned: "If you justify murder on a political basis, that is what will bring Germany here in the United States." . . . Charges dropped: against actress-activist **Jane Fonda**, for allegedly kicking a cop in Cleveland airport (insufficient evidence); against six Indians who painted "FREE ALCATRAZ" on statue of **Teddy Roosevelt** in NYC, on their promise to pay $497 cleaning cost. . . . Working within the system: "It's really important that the Democrats win the next election. I think it's really important that Nixon gets defeated, because we need more room to operate."—**Jerry Rubin**.

■ Semiofficial West German source says 10,573 **East German soldiers**, equivalent of five brigades, have defected to the West since 1956. . . . West German counterintelligence caught 768 **foreign spies** last year: 614 working for East Germany, 71 for Czechoslovakia, 29 for Rumania and 26 for the USSR. . . . Seems **Lev Smirnov**, Russian delegate to "International Commission of Enquiry into U.S. War Crimes in Indochina" held in Oslo last year, is the Soviet supreme court judge who handed out stiff sentences to dissident writers **Yuli Daniel** and **Andrei Sinyavsky**.

■ Why didn't **Charles de Gaulle** name **Shakespeare** a great European literary figure? "I thought you said European," he told an interviewer.

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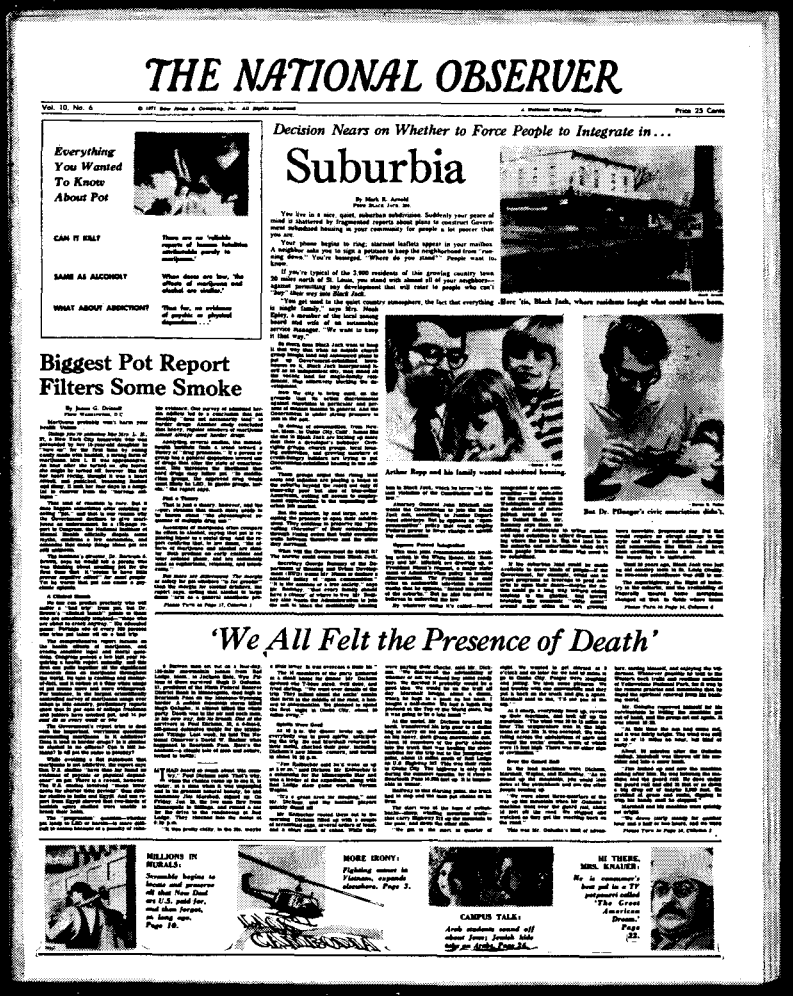
This newspaper isn't written for everyone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LETTERS

The Hashish Trail

Suzanne Labin's "Goa, End of the Line" [July 13] was the best thing I've read in NATIONAL REVIEW in ages (well, except for the Hoax—laugh, I thought I'd die). What a grim tale she tells, and how graphically. I found particularly interesting the contrast between the kid scene in California (I still remember her *NR* article on that from a couple of years back), where everything was frenzy, rock music, psychedelic lights, animation, and the quiet, the silence, the lethargy that had enveloped these same youngsters later on as they moved down the Hashish Trail. What a marvelous television documentary it would make!

St. Louis, Mo. FRANCIS MCNAUGHTON

Suzanne Labin's article gives the impression that she thinks the use of hashish will turn a person into one of the morbid "hippies" she describes. But most people can see that the "hippies" she visited were not in that condition because of hash but because of their living conditions and the other hard drugs they were taking. So this article, rather than scaring people away from taking hashish as it is intended, will alienate potential users and convince them that everything they are told about drugs by the Establishment is false, and hence increase the chances of their using harder drugs.

Rowayton, Conn. JACK BERGAMINI

I am writing in reference to the article, "Goa, End of the Line." Having recently returned from India, where I spent some time on Kalengute Beach, I was appalled at the article.

Suzanne Labin sought out the most extreme dejected people she could find. I lived in an eight-room house with four other people. The market in the center of Kalengute, which I walked to five days out of seven, was two miles away. A large assortment of fish, vegetables, fruit, meat and fresh bread was available every day, with even a larger market on Saturday. I smoked hashish almost every day, but believe it or not, swam two or three times a day also. I was thin because of the dysentery I picked up in Greece and had off and on for the next seven months. Many people do get sick with dysentery, intestinal cramps and infections, but this is chiefly due to the water and food available —not the hashish smoked.

Kalengute is, indeed, an abrupt change from the States. In fact, Mme. Labin was probably shocked that people could live so poorly and simply when she was well aware of the comforts and luxuries in every home in the States. These people probably shocked that people could live "at the end of the line" have gradually made the transcend to this simple way of life. Most have accepted it, some even prefer it, so why knock it?

The drug problem has been blown out of proportion. There are addicts in Goa. But the large majority of the people are not addicted to anything. Not all the people who occasionally take hard drugs are addicted. Hash is smoked by almost every one of the foreign travelers. Its relative cheapness, its availability and the atmosphere of the East make this drug attractive.

New York, N.Y. DAVE WINTER

Vietnamization

In "About Vietnamization" [July 13], Peyton M. Lake presents an authoritative and concise argument for the proposition that Vietnamization *must* succeed in order to preserve the Western social system. Unfortunately, he fails to convince this reader that Vietnamization will, *in fact*, succeed; nor does he give any real hope it can.

Vietnamization, like any strategy, is good only if it is successful. Considering the domestic pressures for early withdrawal, and the increasing tendency toward détente on the part of the Nixon Administration, I doubt seriously that Mr. Lake can assure us a free Vietnam after

Generation gap?

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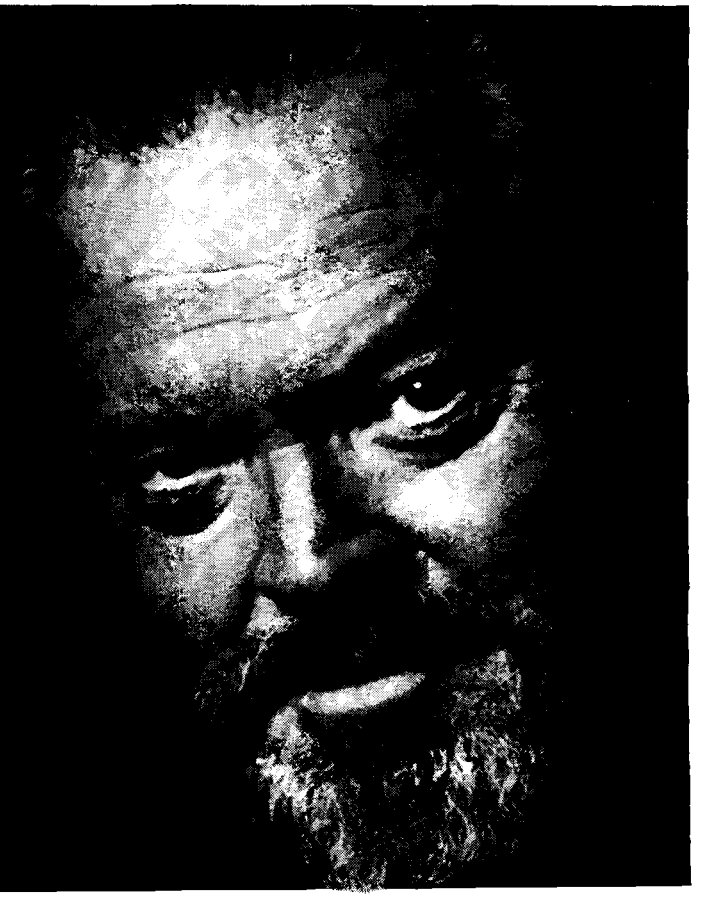

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the departure of American Armed Forces.

Please continue to present such qualified spokesmen, but cut out the optimistic banners on the cover.

Berkeley, Calif. THOMAS J. RICHARDSON

Rodman, Sí!

Selden Rodman's "Paraguay's 'Popular' Dictator" [July 13] is one of the few articles—academic or popular—to capture the true perspective of the public life of Paraguay.

Most news reports fall short of putting Paraguay into focus, as do most academic-journal studies, with the exception of a forthcoming book comparing and contrasting the politics of Paraguay and of Venezuela, a rare binational study by my friend Leo Lott of the University of Montana.

Rodman, using concise phraseology and clear analysis, does the kind of service for readers we try to provide with ASU's quarterly journal, the *Latin American Digest.*

MARVIN ALISKY
Center for Latin American Studies
Tempe, Ariz. Arizona State University

As one who has spent a considerable portion of her life in Brazil, and who loves the country and its people very much, I can only say thank you with all my heart for Selden Rodman's article on Brazil [Aug. 10]. It will help to give North American readers a fairer estimate of that country than they have been receiving.

In addition to the economic prosperity of the country, it might be pointed out that the racial system there is one from which all North Americans, Canadians and Americans, might learn. There is no racial prejudice in Brazil; there is not even uneasy self-consciousness between individuals of different skin colors.

Toronto, Ont. MARY DOWNEY

Slow Reader

Re the paragraph, "In the time it takes you to read this item, the taxpayers of America will pay $10,000 in interest on the national debt" ["The Week," July 13]: For the first time in my life, I feel heartened by the fact that I am considered a slow reader!

APO, San Francisco MICHAEL D. OLSON

Airbags? Humbug!

Robert S. Strother's article on airbags for autos [July 27] was interesting and covered a lot of ground. Two of the possible dangers were, however, omitted.

1) Many frontal accidents are accompanied or preceded by panic braking. If seat belts are not in use, the occupant pitches forward during braking, which might trap the airbag as it inflates and restrict its deployment. As the bag filled, it would lift the occupant so that his head hit the windshield or the roof or the door at a high velocity.

2) Second-collision hazards are greatly increased during a ricochet-type accident. Under good conditions the driver hits another vehicle or obstacle at an angle, bounces off, regains control of the car, and avoids further collisions, bringing it to a safe stop. With the airbag installed, the first collision deploys the bag and the driver's vision is obstructed. The driver is unable to avoid a second collision with another car or roadside object.

Silver Spring, Md. VINCENT MOONEY JR.

As an addition to Mr. Strother's excellent article, the following is a quotation from the April 1971 issue of *Car and Driver*: "With characteristic Teutonic dispatch, German scientists investigating airbags have substituted newly dead bodies for the conventional wired dummies in their tests. Rudi Uhlenhaut, chief passenger-car development engineer for Mercedes-Benz, explains that 'We have found that working with dummies is no use. They do not behave exactly as a living body. We cannot put living people in a car and crash them against a wall, but we can do the nearest thing to it.' The bodies used are either unidentified or given before death for medical research. They must be pliable, and therefore used within three hours of death. If this business of using bodies seems inhuman, the results of the research are clearly more so. Dummies record G loadings, which are then analyzed by dispassionate computers. An alarming percentage of the bodies used recorded smashed faces, exploded ear mechanisms and bro-

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ken necks—strongly suggesting that airbags can actually cause death—which is a little strange when you consider that the government is testing airbags as one of the future's safety features. . . ."

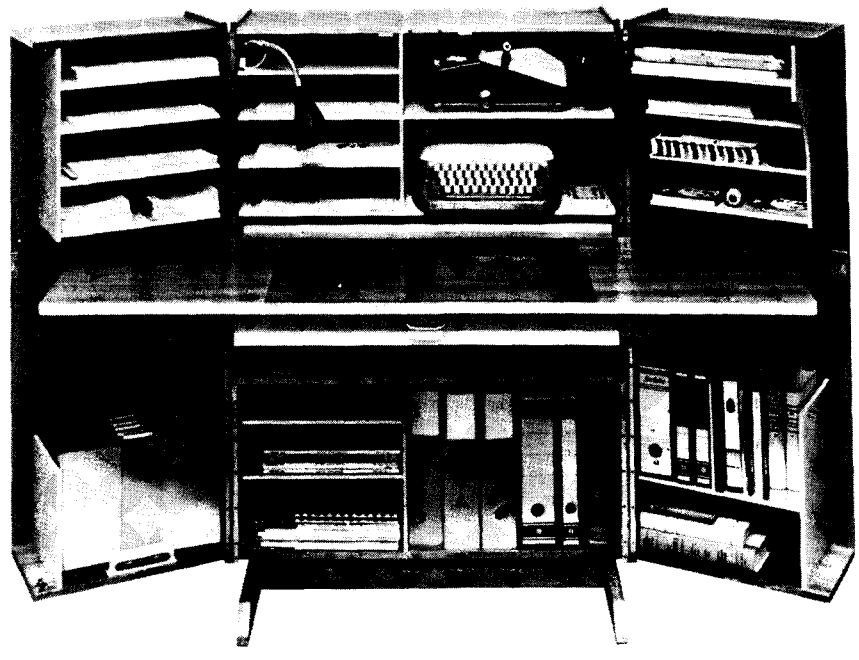
The automobile is the politician's new toy; a new vista of possible legislation and bureaucratic supervision awaits as our benevolent government seeks to save us from ourselves by unrealistically legislating timetables and guidelines to problems they cannot comprehend. Rather than insisting on making the automobile heavier and less responsive than it is already in an effort to save lives, why not train people on skid-pads and road courses to make them better drivers?

San Diego, Calif. STEVE BERGATH

Mr. Strother's article was generally excellent, but his closing comment that the airbag proposal may be useful as a threat to force motorists to use their seat belts suggests that he condones this unbearable big-brotherism.

Cannot each of us be entrusted with the individual responsibility for his personal safety and well-being? Continued progress in this dictatorial direction suggests, one day, a bathroom door that allows egression only after one has brushed his teeth—with a federally approved dentifrice, of course!

Athens, Ga. R. A. HUEBNER



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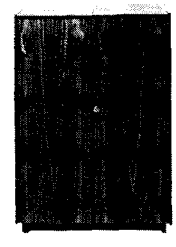

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Thurmond v. Dorn

Cato's comments ["Letter from Washington," July 13] on the possible race between Senator Thurmond and Congressman Dorn for the senator's seat showed a certain lack of Southern political knowledgeability.

True, Dorn has considerable seniority in Congress. True, his wife Millie once worked for *U.S. News & World Report*, but it is false that he is conservative today or that he has a record similar to the Senator's. In the last six years Dorn has slipped from a respectable ACA rating to 52 per cent, and if the trend continues in this session he'll be on the left-hand side of the charts by November.

Johnston, S.C. DANIEL WEBSTER

SF v. NY, II

In the July 27 issue of NATIONAL REVIEW, one Robert Foster attempts to defame our designation of San Francisco as *The City* ["Letters"]. We native San Franciscans, unlike this misinformed bearer of Bronx Cheer, have an excellent feeling for what a city is.

It is San Francisco. A city, to paraphrase the words of Mr. Foster, is sourdough in your mouth and fog in your lungs. And it doesn't need Coney Island, Ratso Rizzo, the Garden or "da Bronx" to be a city. It helps, though, to have a Golden Gate, some hills and the only suburbs in the nation which have the status of being a state.

Let me tell you something. If Goldwater's '64 fantasy were modified, and New York City were sawed off from the rest of the country, New York wouldn't drift out to sea. It would sink.

San Francisco, Calif. S. R. KRUFT

YR Replies

Your logic leaves me totally cold. Young Republican=conservative ["The Week," July 13]. My point was simple and straightforward. A Republican Party in which one must be a conservative to exist (your equal sign demands it) would be destined for very little success. Certainly, the State of New York is the most obvious example of what I believe to be the formula necessary for political existence, not just political victory: YR=Republican=(Conservative + Moderate + Liberal) x OC x RA x TC, where OC = Outstanding Candidates, RA = Real Accomplishment and TC = Thorough Campaigning.

And *you* can hardly deny me the right to a modicum of rhetoric. As properly quoted in the *New York Times*, I said, "We were falling off the right-hand edge of the world and needed some indication

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of a broadbased party—not a party sitting on a razor's edge of ideology." In a world full of very round problems, the Young Republican National Federation did indeed appear quite flat and very narrow.

Indeed, the Republican Party welcomes those who consider themselves of a conservative bent, but it cannot do so at the expense or by the exclusion of more moderate or liberal individuals. We need a round party, not a flat one; a broadbased party, not a narrow one.

DOUGLAS C. WORTH
President
Association of New York State
Albany, N.Y. Young Republican Clubs

Media and Defense

It's good news indeed that *Life* Magazine recognizes ". . . that our military machine is in real trouble" ["The Week," June 29]. The more who recognize this and call attention to it, the better for all of us.

One hates to muddy such waters with quibbles, but I feel compelled to challenge the assertion that *Life* "is the first of the media giants" to address the problem—unless *NR* does not regard *Reader's Digest* as a "media giant" (we do reach lots of readers). We have been worrying aloud for a long time over the deterioration of the nation's defense posture—cf. an article by me in February 1968, and an interview with Gen. Nathan F. Twining, March 1967.

There have been other articles, before and since, by me and by others.

Anyway, well done, *Life*!

JOHN G. HUBBELL
Roving Editor
Pleasantville, N.Y. *Reader's Digest*

Pipeline Solution

A solution to the dual problems of environment and security posed by Donald Coxe ["The Great Pipeline Flap," June 29] may have already been found by the Land Management Bureau of the Interior Department.

Considering the objections of ecology buffs, many well-founded, Kenneth W. Lefewer, an engineer, came up with one of those simple but inspired solutions that have so often caused advances in America's progress. He noted that natural gas, as well as oil, is available in great quantities in Alaska. Natural gas, reduced to a liquid, has temperatures ranging between 115° and 260° below zero. By constructing underground a three-section pipe, the inner section carrying oil, the outer carrying liquid natural gas, the middle section serving as an insulator, oil could be transported through Alaska without damage to the ecology. In the event of a pipeline break from any cause, the hot oil in the inner pipe, encountering the extremely low temperatures of the liquid gas in the outer pipe, would freeze solid. No oil spill (damaging to land and water), no disturbance of the frozen terrain (harmful to animals or man) would be possible.

We need that oil. We are rapidly approaching an energy crisis in the United States. We consume each day about fifteen million barrels of oil, one-fifth of it imported from abroad. The projections are that we will need two-thirds more energy by the end of this decade. Alaska could give us two million additional barrels of oil daily. Let's go get it.

Chicago, Ill. DANIEL JOHN SOBIESKI

Niebuhr, RIP

I would like to compliment Will Herberg on his touching and analytical eulogy "Reinhold Niebuhr, R I P" ["The Week, June 29]. As Herberg stated, Niebuhr is very hard to label and yet one can see a great deal of genuine conservatism in his thinking.

Now conservatives should recognize that conservatism (as against positivism, relativism, liberalistic-rationalism and pure existentialism) exists in other modern theologians as well—for example, Niebuhr's colleague and associate, Paul Tillich. Tillich developed some extremely brilliant and logically cohesive arguments against many different philosophical schools that opposed the classical Christian tradition and the Augustinian-ontological line of thought. However, both Tillich's and Niebuhr's conservatism has gone for the most part unnoticed. They are often misunderstood because of the awesome complexity and comprehensiveness of their systems.

Louisville, Ky. GEORGE W. SHIELDS

Prophet of the Year

When introducing NATIONAL REVIEW to my friends I have warned that it must be read extremely closely. I have urged them to reread each and every issue in order not to miss any of the subtleties contained in its pages. Little did I know, however, how subtle *NR* really is.

In my recent review of your November issues I discovered how incredibly prophetic your authors are. I quote from Mr. J. D. Kirwan ["Books in Brief," Nov. 17, 1970]: "In these syrupy days of coexistence, with ballets, academicians and cultural exchange missions being *ping-ponged* [my italics] across the Iron Curtain . . ." I am sure that only NATIONAL REVIEW let the news out before it occurred.

Bryn Mawr, Pa. WAYNE H. VALIS

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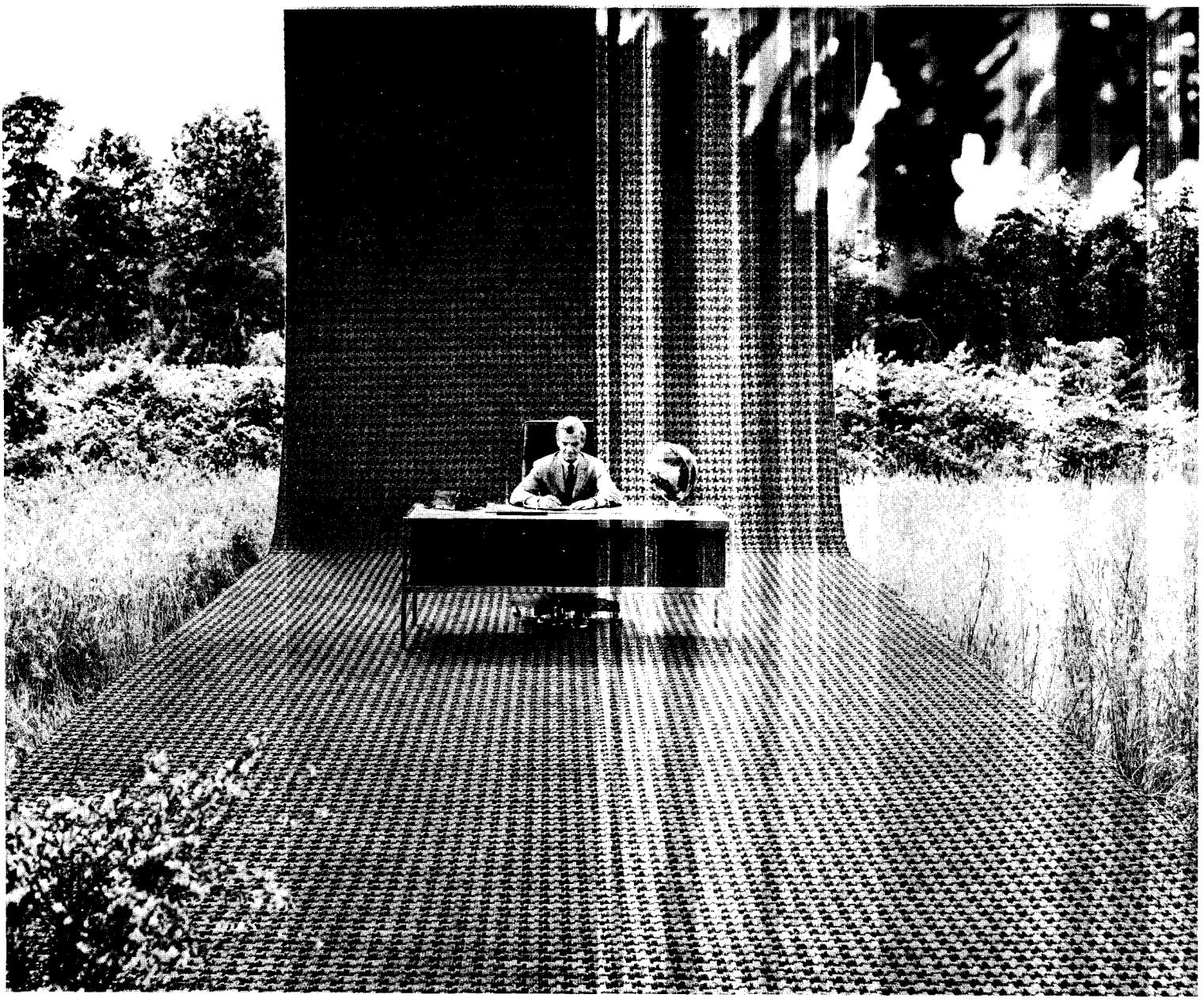

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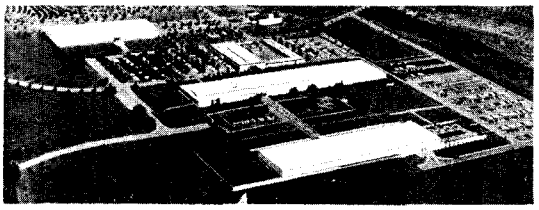

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THE WEEK

■ Restrictive labor practices cause unemployment. Labor monopoly causes unemployment. Government spending causes unemployment. Government causes labor monopoly. Unemployment causes government. Government efforts to relieve unemployment cause unemployment. Unemployment causes labor monopoly. Labor efforts to cause government to relieve unemployment cause nausea. Let us pray.

■ At YAF's national convention in Houston, Texas, September 2-5, the young conservatives plan to nominate their choice for President in 1972. Vice President Agnew, Governor Reagan and Senators Buckley and Jackson are the front-runners at the moment, but non-suspenders of support promise a strong fight for their man.

■ From a recent speech by Edward G. Uhl, president of Fairchild Industries: "Two programs have to be. These are two programs that are going to be, and we in industry can do something about them. The first one is the SST. In my opinion, our industry can build an SST without government support. . . . The second program we could do something about is putting a power laser in space to create a really true anti-ICBM."

■ Make New York City a state? Great idea. Then all that City money won't go to the apple-knockers in Albany. City politicians are for it. Stateswoman Bella Abzug was so pleased with the proposal that she, yes, spoke on its behalf. The Politicians, The People and The Lady Abzug all agree the City will only get justice when it's a state. Alas, the Citizens Union, a nonpartisan civic group excited by the ballyhoo, made its own investigation. Surprisingly, and sadly, it found, contrary to PP&A, there would be no fiscal gain for the City from statehood. The CU said the area chosen for the state, New York City, would provide no new tax base for revenue and, in fact, is in an economic decline. Betsy, put down your needle.

■ When Philadelphia policemen raided the home of a man suspected of being a drug-pusher, they found, in the $235-a-month apartment, thirty suits, 135 shirts, eighteen pairs of shoes, purchase papers for an $8,500 Cadillac, enough narcotics to indicate that the suspect was doing a $10,000-a-week business—and an uncashed $69 welfare check, made out to the suspect.

■ Years of public wrangling over the assassination of John Kennedy dulled the public taste for such things, but revisionists keep plugging away. Just now, they're busy with the Robert Kennedy case. One Theodore Charach, who was present when Kennedy was shot, recently offered to sell to the *Times* (London) photographs and transcripts supporting his theory—that a hotel security guard really fired the fatal bullet. Charach says the bullet came from behind Kennedy, while Sirhan was in front of him; a lawyer hired by Charach is suing the Los Angeles police, alleging suppression of evidence. Meanwhile another lawyer, Barbara Blehr, claims a policeman lied during the trial when he said he had test-fired Sirhan's gun. Miss Blehr says he fired a similar weapon, not the same one. And a Los Angeles grand jury, convening in private, is investigating—at the request of the DA's office—charges that the gun and bullets allegedly used to kill Kennedy were "directly handled by numerous persons" during the trial, in violation of a court order.

■ Dr. Galbraith, meet Dr. Galbraith. To err is human, to fess up, majestic. "It's very hard to admit errors if you're basically wrong," Harvard economist John Kenneth Galbraith pontificated the other day from his summer retreat in Vermont, down the monetary road a piece from Milton Friedman's. The titan of the muck-about school of economics admitted in his just-published revised edition of *The New Industrial State* that the original version was in error just as his critics had said.

"Glad to see me? I'm the Blight Supplement."

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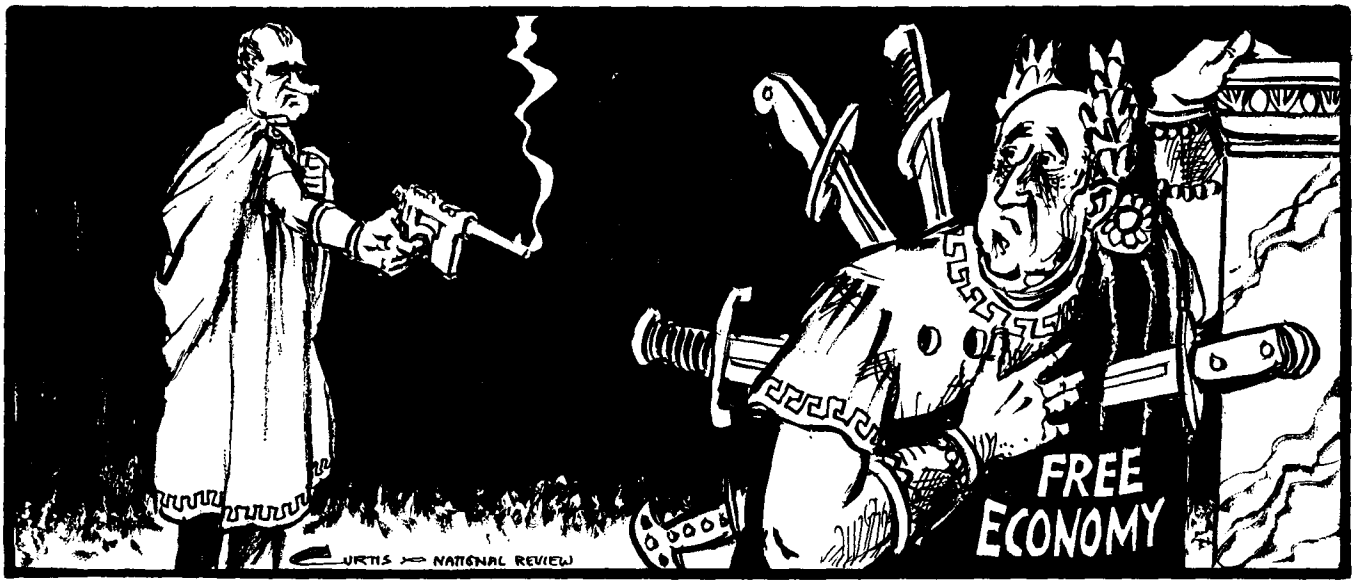
The problem was Galbraith's understanding of planning within the market and planning that superseded the market. Linking his change of mind to President Nixon's, Dr. Galbraith was flush with pride. But then, "it's not hard to admit errors that are cosmetically wrong. You can get a great deal of psychological pleasure out of saying, 'God, what a broad-minded man you are, Galbraith.' " Now, we wonder, when will Professor Galbraith admit he was wrong when, 186 weeks ago, he informed a waiting world that the Saigon government would fall within a week. To forgive's divine.

■ In Bolivia on August 21 Colonel Hugo Banzer Suarez was one of sixty persons to be deported to Chile as plotters against Bolivia's left-wing government. On August 22, after a rebellion, Colonel Suarez was made president of Bolivia. Said the new president: "My government is nationalistic, revolutionary and loyal to the fatherland." The new president also said he wants friendly relations with the United States and doesn't want any kind of relations with Cuba. Suarez, you're our kind of revolutionary.

■ South Vietnam will be minus the manpower of Australian, Thai and New Zealand troops come Christmas. The Australians, having lost a larger number of soldiers (487) in Vietnam than in Korea, are "getting out because the United States is getting out." Down Under, where a whopping majority of the population used to support the war effort, only 51 per cent still favor involvement in Vietnam, and the highly respected *Australian Financial Review* has implied that the only good to come out of the long entanglement is the dissolution of Australian obeisance to the American war-machine. New Zealand has cut back its troop strength to half, and Thailand promises to be gone by early next year. Then, only American, South Korean and South Vietnamese troops, and the Vietcong and North Vietnamese plus all of their Russian and Red Chinese "military advisers," will be left in South Vietnam to work things out.

■ In a letter to the *Chicago Sun Times*, Tran Van Khiem, a former aide to assassinated Vietnamese President Diem and brother of Madame Nhu, has told the story of American intervention in Vietnam as, he says, it was. According to Khiem, Diem was opposed to the intervention of the U.S. and resisted pressure to accept U.S. troops. In retaliation, President Kennedy cut U.S. aid and encouraged the overthrow of Diem by promising aid to South Vietnamese generals who would participate in a successful coup against Diem. At the same time JFK created the fiction that the Diem regime was anti-Buddhist by staging immolations, with television crews and journalists receiving advance notice of time and place. Buddhist philosophy holds no brief against suicide, and the suicides have not stopped since the assassination of Diem, not, Khiem explains, having been related to him in the first place. Kennedy is Khiem's prime villain on account of his Americanization of the war; Johnson is next for mismanaging the war by putting restrictions on the fighting. And Nixon is his hero for his policy of Vietnamization. But shhhh: don't tell anyone.

■ History Lesson: "Once the French decided they would leave [Vietnam in 1954]," said Senator George McGovern over national television not long ago, "the prisoner-of-war issue was settled right away." Giving the impression that Ho Chi Minh returned all his prisoners to the French. But that simply isn't so. Thousands of the Dienbienphu veterans were released, and the exchange duly photographed, but many more were not. One French Foreign Legionnaire didn't find his way back to Europe until 1965—eleven years after the end of the war—and he says that he and at least twenty other



"Et tu, Brute?"

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French prisoners worked as slave laborers in North Vietnamese coal mines. Other Legionnaires of Czech, Polish, Hungarian, Rumanian, Latvian and Lithuanian nationality were turned over to their own governments, from which they had originally fled. Only a handful of the Vietnamese who had fought with the French against the Communists was freed. These and other stories are being investigated by Charles Wiley's National Committee for Responsible Patriotism (Commodore Hotel, 109 E. 42nd St. NYC 10017).

■ At last report, spearheads of the New York City Government-in-Exile Liberation Army were sweeping unopposed toward the City. The defenders remain trapped behind picket lines mounted by taxpayers sympathetic to the invaders.

■ Mayor John Lindsay, writes John Roche in a column published by the *Washington Post*, has just "changed hearses in mid-stream."

Richard Nixon's NEP

"States," commented Cosimo de'Medici toward the end of his career as boss of Florence, "are not run with prayerbooks." And modern industrial nations, Mr. Nixon may have reflected, are not run with economics textbooks. Up until August 15 he *had* been trying, by and large, to run domestic affairs by the books, and by the best of the books in our rating. On that evening he tossed them in the corner, sent the scholarly quartet of Maurice Stans, Paul McCracken, George Schultz and Arthur Burns into the back room, and went on the offensive with his Texas Ranger at his side.

It was not that "the game plan" (as everyone chose to call it) was going badly. It was doing rather well, in the measure that it was being followed, and the eventual outlook was promising. But it was slow slogging: those indices of prices, production and employment were responding like Alaskan glaciers, or so it seemed to a people not noted for their patience with the historical process. The opposition was making plenty of hay in the electoral pastures. The election was only a little more than a year away and the clock was racing. The strain became too great, and the President broke out of the reservation.

From the TV screen the night of the fifteenth Mr. Nixon was firing wide-pattern shotgun shells, not zeroing in with rifle bullets. While he was at it, he decided to cover the field: the wobbly dollar, slow production, consumer spending, unemployment, foreign competition, as well as inflation. The excitement and shock bounced the stock market to its biggest single-day rise on record. All other news was wiped out of the big headlines, and the opposition was knocked off its feet. The bruised critics were silent for nearly three days. Now they have been pulling themselves together, and, not unexpectedly, everyone turns out to have been in favor of a wage-price freeze for everyone except himself. On the same principle, the release of the dollar from the Bretton Woods strait-jacket, however, has won nearly unanimous domestic praise, except for the gold buffs, along with unanimous complaint from abroad. Nearly everyone likes the tax cuts, though naturally each man wants more of those that benefit him or his business most.

Mr. Nixon is gambling his career on his New Economic Policy (a rather ominous name to have christened it, for those who have long memories). And it is a very heavy gamble, too, with the well-being of the nation—and of more of the world than his nation. We hope that NEP will work out better than we fear it will.

There's also the Risk of Frostbite, Mr. President

So it's to be "the freeze that refreshes." For ninety days wages, prices and rents are to be frozen at their pre-August 15 levels. That's probably not enough time for full-blown black markets to get started, but we can rest assured that the inequities and subterfuges that always accompany attempts to fix the costs of goods and services will be many and widespread. Already the inquiries from thousands of bewildered but conscientious businessmen, union leaders and professionals are flooding offices of the price-fixing bureaucrats. As those inquiries pour in, new forms are devised to "regulate the decisionmaking process." As the evidence of unwitting or deliberate intent to evade the Presidential edict of August 16 accumulates, there will be greater and greater pressure to "catch the gougers."

At the end of ninety days, then what? In such a short period of time it will be impossible to determine with a reasonable degree of certainty whether or not the freeze has been effective. No one knows this better than the experts who compile the various price indices out of mountains of raw statistics. And the Administration itself, by artificially holding the FHA-VA mortgage rate at 7 per cent, is already rigging the consumer price index. The minimum period necessary to determine whether or not a freeze is in fact effective would be on the order of six months. But it is clear, judging from the surly reactions by labor-union chiefs and rebel rumblings from several state and municipal officials, that any extension over ninety days is going to require a massive system of controls and enforcement powers plus a considerable widening of the scope of the freeze.

The President is engaged in an almost impossible gamble. He hopes to "break the back" of the inflationary wage-price spiral by asking the American people to exercise self-restraint, and he has dramatized this plea with the ninety-day freeze. The motives behind the freeze

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are grounded far more in an optimistic view of mass psychology than in sober economics. It would be one thing if the President were leading from a position of strength, with a loyal Republican majority in the Congress and a broad solid popular confidence in the Administration that might give him the sound base for a successful appeal. But the President will learn that in domestic as well as foreign affairs, bold moves made from a position of weakness tend to disintegrate under the skepticism of would-be allies and the counterattacks of the committed opposition. And rather than refreshing, he will probably find that his "freeze" will result only in a case of severe frostbite.

The Pistol in the Afro Wig

The final apotheosis of George Jackson was practically instantaneous. Leaving the pile of corpses far below, he joined Che, Ho, Angela, Huey and the rest as a major luminary in the radical firmament. Radio station WBAI declared a day of mourning and presented readings from Jackson's prose, and Harriet Van Horne, in a typical stunner, said that America was guilty. Tom Wicker said that Jackson was "a victim of racism" and of "the poverty, hunger and disadvantage [sic] that are not the lot of blacks alone in this richest country on earth." Reams of this kind of thing are now inundating us.

The reality seems a bit different. Between the ages of fifteen and nineteen Jackson was involved in a series of robberies and finally, as a chronic offender, received a one year-to-life sentence for the armed robbery of a Los Angeles gasoline station. The flexibility of such a sentence is supposed to allow for early release upon convincing evidence of rehabilitation. That Jackson in fact served eleven years admits of a much simpler explanation than that the "system" was at fault. On January 16, 1969, Jackson allegedly murdered a guard at Soledad prison. He was transferred to San Quentin, and, if convicted on the murder charge, faced a mandatory death sentence.

On Saturday afternoon, August 21, Jackson died in an abortive and singularly bloody escape attempt. On the basis of evidence so far available, the sequence of events appears to have been as follows: About 2 P.M. one Stephen Bingham, a lawyer, entered San Quentin to visit Jackson. The grandson of the late Sen. Hiram Bingham of Connecticut, son of the old-liberal Alfred Bingham, and nephew of Rep. Jonathan Bingham (D., N.Y.), Stephen Bingham, like many another of his background and generation, had been in motion to the left: the civil-rights movement at Yale, a stint with the Peace Corps in Africa, a legal "collective" in largely Negro Oakland. Entering the prison, Bingham, but not his briefcase, passed through a metal-detecting device; a guard searched the briefcase, but failed to open a small tape-recorder it contained. George Jackson was removed from his cell, stripped, thoroughly searched and escorted to a visitor's room where he talked across a table with Bingham for about fifteen minutes. Guards watched, but not continuously. After this conversation, Jackson was escorted back to his cellblock where an officer prepared to search him. At this point Jackson pulled a small pistol out of an Afro wig which, amazingly enough, he was apparently permitted to wear, and gained control of the situation. During the next few minutes the cell doors were opened, three prison guards and two inmates—all of them white—were summarily murdered by shooting or slashing, and a fourth guard was mistakenly left for dead. Two other inmates—white—escaped death by keeping their cell door closed. Jackson himself, sprinting for the prison wall, was shot dead by a tower guard.

On the evidence so far available, it looks as if Jackson may be more valuable dead than alive to his radical contacts outside San Quentin. It is certainly improbable in the extreme that, even if the gun had not been discovered prematurely, Jackson could have escaped with a single pistol from this prison; San Quentin, as is well known, shoots to kill even if a prisoner is holding hostages. Therefore, whoever it was who initiated the pistol-smuggling ploy was not doing Jackson much of a favor. And, furthermore, Jackson had already made the maximum contribution of which he was capable, while alive, to the radical movement. For though Tom Wicker describes him as "a talented writer, a sensitive man, a potential leader, and a political thinker of great persuasiveness," there is no evidence of anything of the sort in *Soledad Brother*, his alleged "prison letters," which are actually a farrago of Marxist and Maoist clichés interlarded with trivia and a rhetoric of violence, and there is no evidence of anything of the sort in the "essay" by Jackson published on August 1 in the *New York Times*, where he a) evidently thinks he has proved something with the spelling "Amerikan," and b) argues that no matter what a Negro does, no matter what "crimes" he commits, he cannot be guilty since the society is so oppressive. Wicker's standards for "persua-

Peking Buddies

(To the tune, "Frère Jacques")

Mao Tse-tungy, Mao Tse-tungy,
How's by you? How's by you?
"Dickie Nixon's coming,
Dickie Nixon's coming,
Woopsy-doo, woopsy-doo."

Chou En-lai, hi! Chou En-lai, hi!
What is new? What is new?
"Reston's tummy's better,
Reston's tummy's better,
Acupunk! Acupunk!"

Lin Piao sweetie, Lin Piao sweetie,
Tell us true, tell us true!
"Running dogs come running,
Running dogs come running,
They always do. They always do."

DAVID BRUDNOY

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Memo to: Company Executives
From: Silas Kenton
Re: Corporate Gifts for the Holiday Season

The Kenton Collection is a fabulous coming-together of the most noteworthy names in the world of elegance: Cartier, Mark Cross, Georg Jensen, Ben Kahn, Georges Kaplan, Kenneth Jay Lane, Valentino. Your company can select from over 300 gift items in our 1971 Christmas Book. Our fine merchandise is available for corporate sale discounts on multiple purchases. Call now for an appointment with one of our representatives. The number is Area Code 214, 233-1007. Ask for Mrs. Rose.

The Kenton Collection

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siveness" in a political thinker are even lower than had generally been supposed.

Prima facie, by the way, there is even reason to doubt that *Soledad Brother*, mediocre though it be, is essentially Jackson's own work, just as there is reason to doubt that Eldridge Cleaver was the principal author of *Soul on Ice*. Cleaver's prose in subsequent productions seems of a different order altogether, and Jackson's writing since the book, as well as his oral performances, leave a similar impression. At the very least, extensive editorial participation may be inferred.

But for all the brutality and all the atmosphere of phoniness, a radical icon rose out of the gunfire at San Quentin. The Wickers, the Van Hornes and the other radical-chic types are in a kind of ecstacy. And as for the five other corpses at San Quentin and the corpses at Soledad, to say nothing of their families, why, who cares, and right on, brother.

You Can't Win

On the outcome of the South Vietnam presidential election, October 3, we will risk—and it won't be much of a risk—two predictions: 1) incumbent President Nguyen Van Thieu will win a large percentage of the votes, whether or not any other name appears on the ballot; 2) Thieu will lose by an even larger percentage in the U.S. media and the dove wing of the U.S. Senate. In truth, Thieu lost in those latter constituencies some while before the South Vietnamese election campaign began. A candidate who bases himself on a "Four No's" platform —no coalition, no neutralization, no territorial concession to the Communists, no Communist activities in South Vietnam—can scarcely expect the support of Senator Fulbright, the *New York Times* and Walter Cronkite. Actually, the critiques of this 1971 election are a syllable-for-syllable repeat of those made, often by the same persons, on the 1967 election. In that year, however, they revolved around the focal charge that the presence of twelve names on the ballot made the election a "fraud," a "farce," and "meaningless." This time it's the paucity of names, but the charge is identical.

Strangely enough, a 22-man on-the-spot observer team, containing such experienced nitpickers as then-Governors Richard J. Hughes of New Jersey and Thomas L. McCall of Oregon, Whitney M. Young Jr. of the Urban League, then-Mayor of Baltimore Theodore R. McKeldrin, and who but Senator Edmund S. Muskie, gave the election, when it came, their several and collective blessing ("As good as any election in the U.S., said Gov. McCall. "Terribly impressive," pronounced Whitney Young. "I haven't smelled anything," sniffed Senator Muskie, who was not running for office that year).

Curious, in a way, that those very same doves who call for an end to our intervention in South Vietnam for the purpose of preventing a Communist victory are the ones who this summer most imperiously insist that we must intervene in South Vietnam "to ensure a fair election"—i.e., to defeat Thieu one way or another. Curious, also, their finding that democracy requires Big Minh's name on the ballot whether or not legally called for—forgetting, no doubt, that it was said Big Minh who, as chief of the military junta, replaced Ngo Dinh Diem as chief of government without feeling any democratic need for ballots to help him along. The Ky-Minh talk about a "rigged" election, so far as we can make out, is the standard South Vietnamese way of saying "I know I would lose badly."

Thieu stands for a firm defense of his country against Communists domestic and imported. Therefore he loses the dove vote, globally. There will be some, we hope, who will reflect on how remarkable an achievement it is that an orderly national electoral process, whatever its faults in detail, can be carried through in this inexperienced, half-formed nation battered by thirty years of continuous warfare.

They Want It, That's Who

So who wants busing, dollink? Blacks
Are giving busing-types the axe.
In San Francisco, staid Chinese
Say, "Thank you, boss, no busing, please."
Westchester matrons all decline.
Bronx Mammas make a vulgar sign.
And now (I think) the President
Has finally picked up the scent.
But as you know, nobody thwarts
The ACLU or the courts.

W. H. VON DREELE

Ellsberg

Unlike the Chicago Seven and many others who, for political purposes, practiced courtroom disruption, Daniel Ellsberg reportedly plans to use the judicial system to provide himself with a forum for his views. The nature of the charges against him gives some reason to suppose that he may succeed.

He is charged, for example, with the illegal possession of documents "relating to the national defense." This charge could lead to a courtroom discussion of whether and in what way the Vietnam war relates to "the national defense." Another charge states that he acted "against the best interests of the United States," and the argument there could be on whether Ellsberg or the government knows what those "best interests" are. Prominent among Ellsberg's public pronouncements has been the charge that the United States has been guilty of "war crimes"; he may reasonably be expected, therefore, to introduce this matter extensively into the trial in order to justify his own action with regard to the Pentagon Papers.

Ellsberg, meanwhile, has been emerging less as a dove than as a member of the hard Left: His first press conference upon emerging from seclusion was managed by David Hawk of the "New Mobe"; his attorney is Leon-

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Put National Review in his hands. It's about the quickest way you can find to turn a *potential* conservative into an *actual* conservative. We know, because many of our regular subscribers have been doing just that for years with great success. Of course, we don't expect you to brave hail or high water to do it—we'll be more than happy to take care of that part ourselves. What we *can't* do is locate these potential conservatives. We don't know who they are but *you* do. They're your friends, relatives, neighbors, business and social acquaintances.

Think about it for a moment, right now. Pick someone you know (who doesn't already get NR) who thinks pretty much as you do about taxes, crime in the streets, inflation, narcotics, his children's education, etc. He may not realize it yet but he'd be vitally interested in what conservatives have to say about these things—(and where do conservatives say it better than in *National Review*?).

Rip out the card facing this page, NOW, and use it to introduce NR to your potential conservative at the special introductory rate of only $6.95 for the next nine months. He'll be glad you did. So will you. So will we. You don't often get a chance to make so many people happy with one stroke of the pen. So do it now.

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ard Boudin, who started his public career as attorney for Soviet espionage girl Judy Coplon, and has long moved in hard Left circles; he has come out for the so-called People's Peace Treaty, currently the focus of Communist and radical agitational effort; his dissemination of the Pentagon Papers to sympathetic journalistic outlets was a highly sophisticated operation, and so on.

If, as expected, the Ellsberg trial takes place in Los Angeles, running concurrently with the Angela Davis trial, then that state will boast the best double-feature going—and the time to get your reservations is now.

Scrutability in Life

In Column A, we have the wily Chinese whose "urbane façade has been fooling people for some twenty years," whose "charm beguiled many Americans," but about whom the rumors that he had "killed men with his own hands" were true. *Life* tells us that this Chinese monster was responsible for a "spectacularly gruesome mass murder which in 1931 wiped out the entire family of a political enemy" named Koo Cheng-chang; only after a lot of digging in the cold, cold ground, were Koo, his wife, eight relatives and the family cook found buried in various angles of repose. *Life* concluded that this evil Chinese was safe now in Shanghai, and "in Shanghai he does not have to worry about the law; he is the law."

In Column B, we have the sybaritic Chinese gentleman dressed in black, who rented a magnificent Swiss villa for his nation's legation, then isolated house and estate behind barbed wire protected by a twenty-man Swiss army guard, and jazzed it all up with the proper display of flowers, limousines, ornate hangings and the like. The Chinese diplomat and his henchmen threw Swiss francs around like rice at a wedding and lived it up in their lovely chateau.

Now we come to Column C, where *Life* has a fascinating bearded Chinese on a magnificent horse, resplendent in Western dress, smiling with Polish workers, buddying-up to American jocks and so on. He's described as "one of the world's ablest negotiators," "handsome and exuding charisma . . . and tireless," a man who's taken only one vacation in ten years! This Chinese, we learn, "is a master of policy implementation with an infinite capacity for detail." He displays "an administrative efficiency hard to reconcile with his ubiquity." He possesses "self-effacing dedication." Although he "confesses to a feudal background," our too-good-to-be-true Chinese was never a mandarin. He is "an activist, a prime mover, an originator and master of strategy achieved by alternating surprise, tension and easement . . . he is practical and capable of great patience in achieving a goal by stages." In fact, he is one of "China's two great men."

So which will it be, customer? How many from column A, how many from columns B and C? Doesn't make any difference actually; it's the same old sub-gum chow mein chicken chop suey moo goo gai pan. Name: Chou En-lai. Column A and B? See *Life*, June 28, 1954. Column C? Run down to the nearest branch library and pick up *Life*, July 30, 1971, flip to the article by veteran Chicom flack Edgar Snow and order your red-hot column C. Ah so, as Henry Luce used to say, once you've written about a Chinese, you feel like writing about him again an hour later. Ping-pong anyone?

Taiwan

Hopes that the Nixon Administration means to insist upon Taiwan's retention of its seat in the UN General Assembly were at least temporarily bolstered last week by the opening U.S. moves on the matter. Secretary General U Thant was asked to place on the agenda a new item called "the representation of China in the United Nations," and this should lead to a move in the steering committee next month to accord precedence to two U.S. motions on the question of Chinese representation. Thus, instead of voting on the Albanian motion to expel Taiwan, a prior vote would be taken on the American resolution that "any proposal that would result in depriving" Taiwan of representation be considered "an important question" and thus require a two-thirds majority. The second U.S. resolution then presumably would be voted on, and the right of both Taiwan and mainland China to representation would be affirmed.

What then might happen is problematical. Peking might refuse to enter, might take its Security Council seat, or might grumblingly enter the General Assembly despite the presence of Taiwan. But whatever Peking does, the Administration's support of Taiwan—if successful—would affirm symbolically the minimum requirements for a coherent strategy in the Western Pacific.

Notes & Asides

■ *A widely syndicated feature called "People, Etc.," is devoted to answering readers' questions about public figures ("Got a question? Write . . . Letters will be answered only through this column; personal replies cannot be given.") A recent Q & A has been sent to this office, with requests for elucidation, by several readers.*

"Q: Does William Buckley Jr. really believe the ultra-conservative philosophy he talks about, or is he just another political pundit trying to make a name for himself?—R. I., Rochester.

"A: He doesn't always practice what he preaches. The conservative hawk, who has attacked *Hair*, radical Jerry Rubin, hippies and drugs, is chairman of Starr Broadcasting Group, Inc., which runs a chain of hard-

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rock and 'underground' radio stations. They run ads for skin flicks and head shops, editorialize against the Vietnam war and support many of the things Buckley crusades against. He is aware of his stations' programming but refuses to make comment. His uncharacteristic silence may have something to do with the company's 1970 earnings: $376,000."

A supplementary answer: 1) I own an 11 per cent interest in Starr Broadcasting Group. I do not set policy. That is done by the president and chief executive officer, Peter M. Starr. 2) Company practice is that all questions concerning the operations of the company should be addressed not to the chairman of the board, but to the president. Questions concerning the operation of NATIONAL REVIEW are not sent to the chairman of its board, but to its chief executive officer, me. 3) Starr Broadcasting Group operates stations that use different programming formats, from country and western, to "good" music, to rock. It operates no "underground" stations. 4) It would not occur to me to ask the president to suppress music I happen not to like. As regards rock, it happens that—I like it. And confessed to having come to like it in an article for the *Saturday Evening Post*, circulation four million, three years ago, before Starr Broadcasting Group became a public company. 5) The stations accept, by and large, the same advertisers accepted by major newspapers. Station managers are individually responsible for rejecting ads and music that are drug-oriented. The difficulty of keeping up with the shifting vernacular of the drug culture is a difficulty the entire industry has faced, but not conquered, for several years. Starr's record with the Federal Communications Commission is exemplary. 6) Indeed, the news commentators are free to express their individual opinions, except that they may not slander, or promote civil disobedience. Corporate opinion is expressed by Peter Starr, who happens to be a political conservative. 7) The Company's earnings, at approximately $1 per share, make it an attractive investment at $18 on the Midwest Exchange. See your local broker. Or ask A. —*WFB*

The NR *Papers*

■ Dear Bill:

I was delighted by your caper in the secret papers. I must tell you that I read them with the utmost mistrust and was persuaded up until I encountered the one from Dan Boorstin. That persuaded me that they were bogus. Not because the paper was implausible, but because it was excessively plausible.

Yours faithfully,
John Kenneth Galbraith

P.S. The other day in Washington, I met an old friend of yours, Barry Goldwater, in the Senate Office Building. The following exchange occurred:
Goldwater: "My goodness, I just read something of yours with which I agreed.
Galbraith: "I will have to reconsider my position. What was it?"
Goldwater: "Your testimony on Lockheed."

■ ". . . I think it was hilarious and wonderful. I think it was wonderful because there was a deeper truth behind the revelations than there was a fraud in the details. And there was no other dramatic way to put that truth forward. The truth is that the so-called Pentagon Papers which had been first published by the *New York Times* at best told only half the story of considerations that went into decisions on Vietnam, yet the Pentagon Papers were taken at full value by a public which did not have access to the rest of the story.

"NATIONAL REVIEW told the other half—the discussions there must have been about naval blockades, possible tactical nuclear weapons attacks, all those other alternatives.

"Another point, and understandably limited news accounts of the interview in which Buckley revealed the hoax did not tell whether he made it, is that the American people ought to realize that the real Pentagon Papers were selected and printed to support the 'dove' viewpoint on the Vietnam war, and that insofar as they did not themselves give the other side of the picture, they, too, were ethically, if not materially, a hoax. . . . The people's protection lies in an intelligent questioning of every premise that is offered, no matter from what direction. Bill Buckley and NATIONAL REVIEW have driven the point home with considerable force. They ought to get a Pulitzer Prize for it. They won't, of course; Pulitzers don't go to Buckleys and their ilk. But they ought to."

—Ed Fitzhugh, Editor
The Phoenix Gazette

■ "I say this as an old card-carrying liberal. NATIONAL REVIEW put us on good with some hoaxed Pentagon Papers and I think they made a rather telling point about our intellectual reflexes in the liberal community. We were horrified at Buckley but would no doubt have been delighted if Hugh Hefner had been spoofing J. Edgar Hoover in similar fashion. The Pentagon Papers were a sensation in the *New York Times* where opponents of the Vietnamese war could shout them into a national wave of outrage about governmental duplicity, even though the printed version was one-sided and disclosed virtually no facts that had not been published and known for years. All Buckley did was demonstrate the fairly obvious fact that, like any gap, the credibility one has two sides. I think we ought to laugh with him—and at ourselves."

—Jim Fain, Columnist, *Dayton* (Ohio) *News*

■ "Sobriety is the Achilles heel of the Left. When it ought to be laughing, the left wing often is jumping at shadows and, frequently, falling flat on its face. No one who knows [the] magazine—subtle, witty, urbane—was taken in by the 'NATIONAL REVIEW Papers,' a convincing lampoon of the Pentagon Papers, so self-righteously un-

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veiled by the *New York Times*. . . . And so once more the humorless, intense, and oh-so dedicated salvationists among us are running as fast as they can without catching up—or on."

—*Columbia* (S.C.) *State, editorial.*

■ "NATIONAL REVIEW Magazine may have dealt a death blow to the seemingly endless publication of secret government documents when it published its own 'secret' documents . . ."

—*Arizona Republic* (Phoenix)

■ "NATIONAL REVIEW has, we think, presented the nation an effective lesson not unlike the Latin American axiom which says 'statistics are poetry.' There's likewise a sort of poetry in the Pentagon Papers, read into them between the lines—and in the gaps left by the omissions."

—*Tampa Tribune*

■ "In truth, the very fact that so many 'sources' hesitated to deny authorship of such documents does much to establish the credibility of the NATIONAL REVIEW's line of reasoning, if not the authenticity of its material."

—*Topeka State Journal*

■ "We shoulda' known—but we didn't.

". . . If Buckley's purpose was to demonstrate that the professional purveyors of truth are not always as discriminating as they should be, he has succeeded. He has also shown—perhaps unintentionally—that the federal bureaucracy is almost as confused about its own doings as the press is: the Justice Department reacted to the hoax with grave assurances that the matter was under investigation, and many, if not most, of the officials represented as having written the 'secret papers' couldn't remember, when pressed, whether they did or not.

"In terms of journalistic ethics, Mr. Buckley's ruse was questionable. But then, what the REVIEW did wasn't true journalism at all. It was a sort of right-wing guerrilla theater. Its object was to reach the kind of truth that becomes visible only when false professions are sliced away by the lancet of satire.

"When the liberal Establishment becomes too senile to survive such an operation it will meet—and deserve—a fate even darker than the one prophesied for it by Mr. Buckley."

—*The Trentonian*

■ *Editorial in the* National Observer, *August 2, 1971*:

We'll have to choose our words carefully here.

William F. Buckley Jr., after all, is not a man to be jostled, even inadvertently.

Displeased, Mr. Buckley can so contort his countenance as to face down a gargoyle.

Seriously piqued, he can transform himself into a linguistic blowtorch, cutting through an opponent with a precise stream of words—in Latin, like as not. (And for those of us whose Latin is largely limited to our homestate motto, *ad astra per aspera* doesn't exactly come off as a stunning riposte.)

Provoked in the extreme, Mr. Buckley once threatened to punch another commentator on the nose, right on live television—and who is to say he couldn't do it? (We have always harbored the suspicion that William F. Buckley Jr. is really George Plimpton gathering material for his next book, and Mr. Plimpton is a man of considerable athletic achievement.)

So we broach this subject gingerly, but broach it we must. For the plain fact of the matter is, Mr. William F. Buckley Jr. is the editor of the NATIONAL REVIEW. Mr. William F. Buckley Jr. is not the editor of the *National Observer*.

Now a lot of people know that. But at the same time, a lot of other people don't know it, if we may judge from the letters we get to and about Mr. Buckley. There is, after all, a certain similarity in the publications' names, and for those readers with a short attention span, some confusion is understandable.

Ordinarily, we wouldn't have mentioned this at all. It's just that the tone of our misapprehensive correspondents' letters seems to have turned peevish of late, starting at about the time Mr. Buckley had all that good, clean fun with his Pentagon Papers hoax in the NATIONAL REVIEW.

We, of course, would want Mr. Buckley to know that we enjoyed a hearty chuckle at that bit of drollery and wouldn't have missed it for the world.

But—no offense to Mr. Buckley—it just may be that the time has come to set things straight. It's William F. Buckley Jr., the NATIONAL *Review*—Buckley, *Review*.

—Roscoe C. Born

■ Dear Bill: Working on a piece entitled, The Night Jerry Rubin Proposed to Bernadette Devlin/To blow up the Pope/On their Honeymoon, but she said Nope/I want to see Niagara Fall/Down and go Boom!" Best, Johannes Eff

—**WFB**

What Fun To Watch Mr. Nixon

Don't get me wrong, I love to see
The looks of incredulity
As Mr. Nixon turns, and then
Allows himself to turn again.
It's fun observing Muskie race
With all that egg upon his face.
The foreigners are fuming: *swell.*
Tom Wicker isn't looking well.
I grant you all that's marvy-poo,
But as the liberals turn blue,
What's Mr. Nixon got to give
That I can call conservative?

W. H. VON DREELE

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JAMES BURNHAM

The Protracted Conflict

THE MORE THINGS CHANGE...

THE PRESIDENT arrived on the screen, the night of August 15, in classic Western style with all guns blazing. As often happens in Westerns, they were firing in several different directions, and it was not easy to distinguish targets from innocent bystanders. The only villains Mr. Nixon called out by name were those old favorites, "the international speculators," who were about to rape poor defenseless Miss Dollar. Our Hero smote them in the nick of time, sent them reeling back to their caves, and rode off with Miss Dollar slung happily across his saddle.

The audience had been shouting that is was up to the star to "do something"; the star, discarding the script, finally did, though no one yet knows exactly what to whom.

What, for instance, are we to make of this 10 per cent import surtax? Patently it is, a) *protectionist*—lessening the freedom of international trade that has been the avowed goal of the major non-Communist nations since the end of the war, and b) *inflationary*—weakening the competitive braking force of imported goods on domestic prices. (Considered in economic terms the President's package offers a curious mixture: the powerfully inflationary higher tariff, and billions in fiscal stimuli to industry and consumers, added to a budget already at least $25 billion out of balance—and then, to cap it all, a wage-price freeze. It doesn't take an economic genius to guess what will win *that* confrontation.)

But it is hinted that the import surtax is "not really a protectionist move." It is only "temporary"—a shotgun operation to compel correction of the dollar's "overvaluation" that is giving foreign producers an "unfair" competitive advantage. The 10 per cent import surtax acts as a de facto devaluation; when the other nations agree to a "fair" revaluation of their currencies, then the surtax will (it is further hinted) be canceled.

It is very difficult to determine even what it means for a currency tied to a fixed parity to be "overvalued," and impossible to know by how much. Certainly there are a lot of currencies with respect to which the dollar, at the old official parity, has been *under*valued: and it is amusing that the first specific official reaction to Mr. Nixon's release of the dollar was a 20 per cent *de*valuation of the Israeli pound; India (9.8 per cent) and Indonesia (10 per cent) followed the next day.

Nor is it at all clear that the U.S. balance of trade (as distinguished from the "balance of payments") is in such bad shape. True, it has been in a slight deficit for a couple of months. But that is a natural, normal state for an advanced industrial nation that has vast investments abroad, the income from which can compensate even rather large trade deficits.

There are only three individual nations with which the U.S. trade balance is in substantial deficit: Japan, Canada and West Germany. But Canada and West Germany had already floated their currencies, so that the market was determining the fair valuation of the dollar so far as they were concerned. (The U.S. trade balance with Western Europe as a whole, it is relevant to add, shows a $2.5-billion *surplus*.) From 1965 on, the U.S. deficit in trade with Japan has been rapidly growing; it reached $1.37 billion in the first half of this year. The biggest categories of Japanese exports to the U.S. are autos, iron and steel, telecommunications, and textiles—a list revealing of the domestic influences that were pressing on the President.

Japan, beaten back to her small home base when she tried to burst out by arms, is now trying to work her outward passage, toward what looks more and more like a global, rather than merely Greater East Asia, Co-Prosperity Sphere. On its international side the primary target of this global snowball the President tossed is and can only be Japan.

Thus the international power vector of the Nixon monetary bombshell, as calculated from a Pacific frame of reference at any rate, is parallel to his ping-pong turn: against the newly rising Japanese sun.

What I find most fascinating in the performance of the Nixon Administration this summer is its profoundly traditional character. For the U.S., Japan has traditionally been the looming rival, threat, and potential enemy in the Pacific; China has been the exotic object of curiosity, friendliness, philanthropy, missionary zeal, and a certain amount of mercantile greed. The older pattern, after the inverted postwar interlude, reappears.

Traditionally American in this Pacific symbolism, the Nixon moves, both domestic and foreign, are even more strikingly in the older Republican tradition. The Republican Party has been, by and large, the party of Protectionism, of the Middle West, of Big Business—the steel industry in particular for several generations, and steel is now intimately linked with autos; and, until the New Deal drove the Republicans into a lasting minority position, the party of strong "national government."

The Grand Old Party

Underneath the contemporary packaging of the President's economic proposals, we find the Republican substance: the higher-tariff protectionist import tax; the fiscal boost that applies most directly and fully to such Big Businesses as autos, steel and machine-tools that are also prime beneficiaries of the import-tax rise and the dollar devaluation; the Middle West orientation that results automatically from the Middle West location of most steel, auto and machine-tool plants; the reliance on the power of the national government. Yes, even the anti-"internationalist" tendency of these measures and other of Mr. Nixon's trends since taking office: for in truth, in spite of the sour grapes of the Fulbrights and Proxmires while their party is outside the seat of power, it is the Democrats, especially liberal Democrats, who have been our principal internationalists, interventionists, and (if the term be permitted) imperialists. Cf. W. Wilson, F. Roosevelt, the Pentagon Papers. □

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SPECIAL REPORT

The Strange Story of WILLIS CARTO

–his fronts his friends his philosophy his "Lobby for Patriotism"

C. H. SIMONDS

1. Mr. W. A. Carto Visits the Sick and Imprisoned

> Dimly, I could make out the form of this man—this strange and lonely man—through the thick wire netting. Inwardly, I cursed these heavy screens that prevented our confrontation. For even though our mutual host was the San Francisco County Jail, and even though the man upon whom I was calling was locked in equality with petty thieves and criminals, I knew that I was in the presence of a great force, and I could feel History standing aside me.

History may well have wondered, that tenth day of June, 1960, why she had been called to attend the meeting of a former bill-collector turned promoter of right-wing causes with a "great force" being held on passport violation charges. The great force was Francis Parker Yockey, and he was down and almost out—he would be dead in just a week, a suicide. The promoter, Willis A. Carto, was on his way up; if History was on the ball that day, she beat it back to the office and told the staff to keep an eye on him.

Today, eleven years later, Carto presides over a business empire with annual receipts of at least a million dollars. His operations include publication of books, pamphlets and periodicals, direct-mail solicitation, campaign financing, fund-raising, a little travel agentry and data processing on the side. He is the man behind such respectable-sounding organizations as Liberty Lobby, United Congressional Appeal, Save Our Schools, Americans for National Security, the *Washington Observer*, the *American Mercury*. Notwithstanding that these organizations affect a concern for American values and constitutionalism, Carto is driven by a philosophy of pure power, a philosophy essentially alien and fundamentally hostile to the American tradition, the philosophy of Yockey.

Like Yockey at their meeting, Carto is a shadow—a furtive man of middle height and middle build who shuns reporters, hates to have his picture taken, prefers to control his empire from behind the scenes while others front for him. His friendships are few and brief, degenerating usually into acrimony. He favors 75-cent haircuts and $40 suits, and once raged at an employee for buying a gross of paperclips. He delights in secrecy, conspiracy, and power. He is every bit as "strange and lonely" a man as his hero.

CARTO was born July 19, 1926 in Fort Wayne, Indiana, and grew up in Mansfield, Ohio. He served in the Army, probably on occupation duty in Japan (he is said to possess two Japanese rifles that he refers to as "war souvenirs"). He attended college, but his mother will not say where "because the newspapers can twist things." In 1952 he appeared in San Francisco, where he worked for the Anglo Bank, and for the Household Finance Corporation as an account collector. After 1954, he appears to have devoted himself full-time to political activity as a director of the Congress of Freedom and executive secretary of another right-wing group, Liberty and Property. In 1957, he was identified as a "regional vice president" of We, the People. In 1958 or 1959 he married Elisabeth Waltrud, a German national.

At this stage, Carto appears—from the public record, at least—as a conservative of the free-enterprise, libertarian variety. The Congress of Freedom was the child of an ardent libertarian, Robert LeFevre, and the two other groups Carto was associated with were at least ostensibly libertarian-oriented—although Liberty and Property has been characterized by the Anti-Defamation League of B'nai B'rith (which is occasionally accurate) as "an outlet for anti-Semitic propaganda and a clearing house of information about the activities of Anti-Semites and Anti-Semitic organizations."

But Carto desired more, and in 1959 went to Belmont, Massachusetts to work for the John Birch Society. He stayed a little less than a year, leaving after a dispute (nature unknown) with Robert Welch. While there, he contributed two short articles to the Society's magazine, *American Opinion*. In "The Hundred-Year Hoax," a critique of Marx's labor-capital division from the viewpoint of classical economics, Carto is still very much the libertarian.

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But in "What's *Right* in America," a descriptive listing of six types of opponents of "Marxist equalism," there is a new, racist emphasis, centered on the "Eugenic" opponents of such equalism.

Carto expressed his views on racial purity more frankly in private correspondence. In 1960 he wrote to Frank Hanighen, the founder of *Human Events*, objecting to the paper's publication of articles by Phillippa Schuyler, the journalist and concert pianist (and daughter of George Schuyler, with Carto an occasional contributor to *American Opinion*), whom he described as "the hybrid offspring of George Schuyler and his White wife . . . [who] eschew the Supreme Court as the 'solution' for segregation . . . [and are] avid crusaders and practitioners of a far speedier road towards racial mongrelization—the road leading through the boudoir."

The danger of "racial mongrelization" was not a new preoccupation for Carto. All through the years with Liberty and Property, he corresponded tirelessly with segregationist leaders. In 1956, in a letter to Judge Tom P. Brady of the Mississippi Supreme Court, an originator of the White Citizens' Council, Carto proclaimed (in capitals): "THE ISSUE IS NOT IDEOLOGICAL. THE ISSUE IS ETHNOLOGICAL."

"The revolutionists have seen to it," Carto wrote the racist author Earnest Sevier Cox in 1955, "that only a few Americans are concerned about the inevitable niggerfication of America." But Carto had a plan, for a "flank attack." He established, and promoted secretly, the Joint Council for Repatriation—a send-'em-back-to-Africa movement with an added benefit: ". . . such a movement would be the strongest blow against the power of organized Jewry that can be imagined."

Carto always had his eye on Jewry. From a letter to one Norris Holt:

> There are 600 million Chinese and about 200 million Russians. All united in a determination to destroy the West. And we have been so misled that we live in a dream world—far away from reality. Hitler's defeat was the defeat of Europe. And America. How could we have been so blind? The blame, it seems, must be laid at the door of the international Jews. It was their propaganda, lies and demands which blinded the West as to what Germany was doing.

Carto put it all more succinctly in a memo to himself:

> Who is using who? Who is calling the shots? History supplies the answer to this. History tells us plainly who our Enemy is. Our Enemy today is the same Enemy of 50 years ago and before—and that was before Communism. The Communists are "using" the Jews we are told . . . who was "using" the Jews fifty years ago—one hundred or one thousand years ago. History supplies the answer. The Jews came first and remain Public Enemy No. 1.

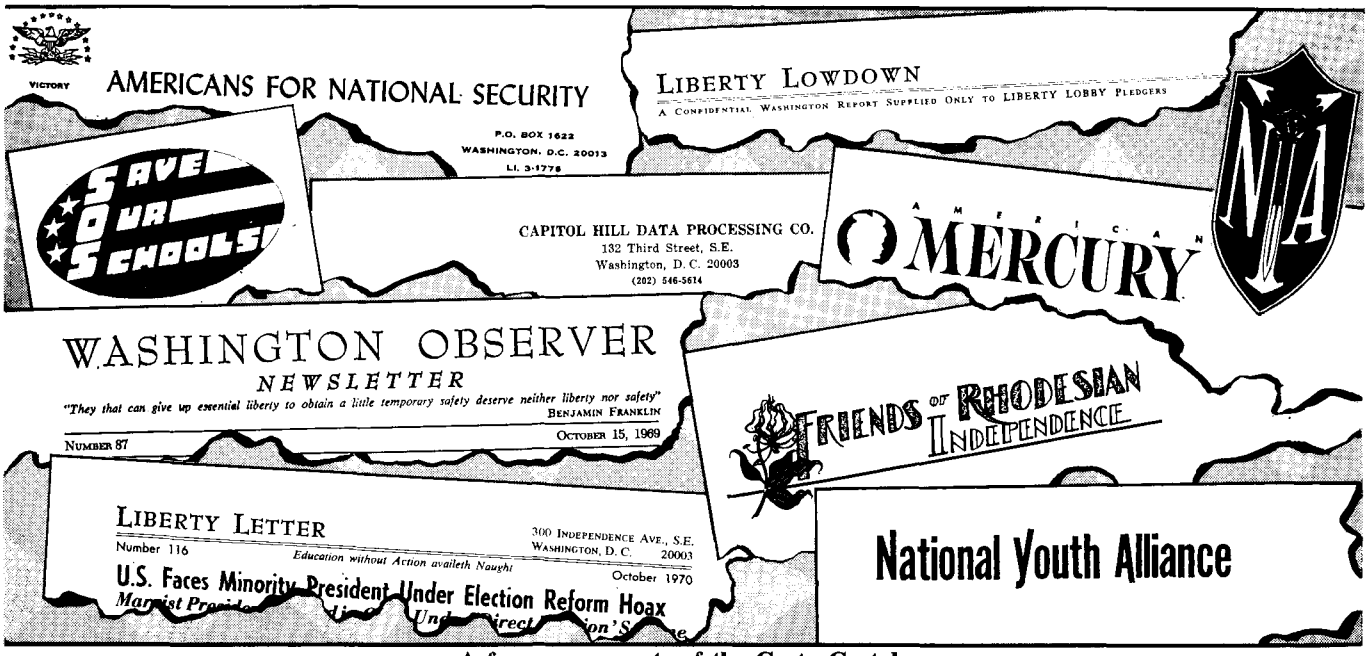
The indefatigable Willis Carto had yet another project cooking in the late Fifties. In January 1957 he wrote to Judge Brady:

> Now Judge, I do not think that I have ever mentioned to you that for over a year I have been working on something tentatively called the LIBERTY LOBBY. Briefly, this involves the establishment of an office in Washington to lobby for patriotism. . . . you can readily see the tremendous importance to the Repatriation scheme if this LOBBY ever gest [sic] set up. On the other hand, you can see that there must never be an obvious connection between the two, for if there is, either would kill the other off, or at least harm it very gravely. Therefore, I have had to make a decision and it is that the logical thing to do is to become publically [sic] identified with the LOBBY only. . . .

In a mailing to seven hundred conservatives, Carto outlined his plan for a "pressure group for patriotism," and sought to raise $75,000. By January 1958 only $15,000 had been raised; however, Liberty Lobby set up a "research department" July 4, in the offices of the American Council of Christian Laymen.

The previous summer, Carto had announced a sixteen-man "Advisory Board" for his new operation. Later to be renamed the "Board of Policy," it included Judge Brady, General Pedro Del Valle, and W. L. Foster of Tulsa, Oklahoma, active in We, the People and Congress of Freedom, and a financial supporter of veteran antisemite Gerald L. K. Smith.

Later in 1958, Colonel Eugene C. Pomeroy became Lib-



A few components of the Carto Cartel.

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erty Lobby's "Washington Secretary," operating out of the offices of his own organization, Defenders of the American Constitution (later taken over by General Del Valle). A second fund-raising campaign, for $44,500, ended July 4, 1959, far short of its goal. But Carto had established a presence in Washington. His lobby, meant from its very inception to serve as a front for less savory enterprises, was under way.

2. A Philosopher Who Had Too Many Passports

The man Willis Carto visited in jail had been arrested after a piece of his luggage that had strayed to the wrong airport was opened, and three passports discovered, made out in three different names. When picked up by FBI agents in Oakland, Yockey was carrying German press credentials bearing yet another name. Brought before U.S. Commissioner Joseph Karesh on June 8, 1960, he was charged with making a false statement in an application for a passport.

Over the weekend, the San Francisco papers published interesting information about the "mystery man," Yockey. He had been medically discharged from the Army in 1943, suffering from "dementia praecox, paranoid type." In 1954 he had been identified as a U.S. agent for Rudolph Aschenauer, a neo-Nazi of Frankfurt, Germany.

Yockey's lawyers fought to get his bail reduced. The U.S. Attorney urged that it be kept at $50,000 because of "an extreme risk of flight—a grave risk of injury to himself and others." On June 15, the judge ordered a psychiatric examination, after which the bail hearing was to resume July 11. Sometime during the night of June 16-17, Yockey swallowed potassium cyanide. He was found dead in the morning.

YOCKEY was born September 18, 1917, in Michigan, grew up in Chicago, graduated from high school with honors, attended five colleges and graduated cum laude from Notre Dame Law School in 1941. Late in 1945, he took a job preparing trial briefs and background reports for the War Crimes Tribunal in Wiesbaden, Germany. After eleven months he quit, because of differences with his superiors over what he felt was unfair treatment of Nazi military and political leaders. He returned briefly to the United States; then went to Brittas Bay, Ireland, a remote settlement on the Irish Sea, where—in six months—he composed his personal Summa: *Imperium: The Philosophy of History and Politics*.

Imperium is most celebrated for its dedication: "To the hero of the Second World War"—a veiled reference, it becomes clear on reading the book, to Adolf Hitler.

Yockey traces the growth of the "High Culture," culminating in crisis: the Age of Nationalism, "when the parts of the Culture [the nation-states] tear one another to bits, even as outer dangers loom threateningly. . . ." Always, this crisis is resolved "by the resurgence of the old forces of Religion and Authority, their victory over Rationalism and Money, and the final union of the nations into an Imperium." And in that final stage is accomplished "the enormous final life-task of the Culture, *namely the subjection of its known world to its domination.*"

As the external expression of Imperium is absolute imperialism, so its internal expression is "absolute politics"—the total state: "Public power can no longer be held by individuals; public enterprises pass under public control and ownership; the money-monopoly of the few individuals is transferred to the State. * * * With the coming of the Age of Absolute Politics, the necessity for pretexts falls away. Plebiscites and elections become old-fashioned, and finally cease altogether."

The Western "High Culture" and the idea of Absolute Politics, Yockey makes clear, are fulfilled in National Socialist Germany; what he calls "the German revolution of 1933" represents the beginning of the resurgence of "the old forces of Religion and Authority."

If the Imperium of Germany/Europe was the organic destiny of Western Culture, then clearly something went terribly wrong. According to Yockey, "outer forces" intervened—forces located in Washington and Moscow. America and Russia are in the hands of the "culture distorter"—"the rear-guard in the West of the fulfilled Arabian Culture, the Church-State-Nation-People-Race of the Jew." The Jew is bound to destroy the West: "A millennium of massacres, robbery, cheating, burning, insults, mistreatments, expulsions, exploitation—these were the gifts of the West to the Jew. They not only strengthened him, made him race-

—Wide World

Yockey Agonistes (San Francisco, June 1960).

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hard, but gave him a mission, the mission of revenge and destruction."

Carto's hero had scant use for his native land. The forces of tradition, he said, disappeared in America with the election of Andrew Jackson in 1828, at which point Money took over. Later the Jew took over Money, and therefore America. "The population of America only consists now of a bare majority that is indisputably American racially, spiritually, nationally. The other half consists of Negroes, Jews, unassimilated South-eastern Europeans, Mexicans, Chinese, Siamese, Levantines, Slavs and Indians." But there is a flicker of hope: "The latent heroism of the American People will again be summoned forth by the stern creativeness of the Age of Absolute Politics. * * * In 1915 began the nationalist reaction to the invasion of Culturally alien elements, with the founding of the second Ku Klux Klan. This year will be marked in retrospect as the beginning of the second phase of the American Revolution. * * * When the American National Revolution takes political form, its inspiration will come from the same ultimate source as the European Revolution of 1933."

SHORTLY after Yockey's death, one of his sisters told an interviewer: "He wasn't antisemitic. He was anti-Zionist. No, he wasn't pro-Nazi. He never idolized Hitler. In fact, he thought Hitler made one mistake after another." Why all the passports? "Maybe he thought three passports were better than one."

Willis Carto was also interviewed: "Although I do not agree with all his ideas, I feel he was an authentic creative genius. I feel that those individuals who are responsible for driving him to his death should feel a great sense of guilt. The world has lost a great man whose ideas will be remembered until Western Civilization is exterminated."

The final macabre touch to the Yockey story is afforded by the tug-of-war that broke out over the dead man's best blue suit. The authorities wanted to keep it as material evidence; Yockey's sisters wanted it to bury him in. The authorities kept the suit, and also Yockey's last words to the world:

> I shall write no messages which I know will never be delivered—only this, which will be: You will never discover who helped me, for even he is to be found in your own multitudinous ranks, at least outwardly.

3. Carto Picks Up the Torch and Tries To Set the World on Fire

Almost before Yockey was underground, Willis Carto was busy establishing himself as Keeper of the Legend. In the August 1960 issue of Liberty and Property's newsletter *Right*, he told his version of the Yockey story with emphasis on his "persecution" by the ADL, the FBI, the government.

Turning to the arrest and subsequent proceedings, Carto volunteers the information that the U.S. Commissioner, Joseph Karesh, was "an ordained Rabbi," and compares the high bail in Yockey's case with the high bail set for the accused bombers of an Atlanta synagogue that (according to Carto) was "actually bombed by an agent of the ADL."

Carto set out to make *Imperium* available to the American public, or at least Yockey's "bare majority that is indisputably American, racially, spiritually, nationally." He approached Professor Revilo Pendleton Oliver of the University of Illinois, the brilliant, eccentric classicist who was dropped from the John Birch Society after an ambiguous reference to Jews which affronted Robert Welch and others.

At Carto's request, Dr. Oliver prepared a critique of *Imperium*, armed with which Carto beat the bushes for funds. The book came out in 1962 in a handsome edition, published under the imprint of *Truthseeker*, a crazy-right magazine. The second and subsequent printings list the Noontide Press as publisher and holder of the copyright. The sole owner and proprietor of Noontide is Willis Carto.

This American edition of *Imperium* includes a 35-page Introduction by Carto, who has said a number of times that he stands by what he wrote there in 1962.

Carto makes it clear that he goes along with Yockey, but not all the way. He buys the Yockey line on the Jews, and peppers his Introduction with dark references to the "aliens," the "inner enemy," the "Culture-Distorter." He calls Yockey's European Liberation Front, whose "Proclamation of London" urged the expulsion of Jews and the establishment of national socialism, "a constructive movement."

But he parts company with Yockey on the question of race. For Yockey, race is a matter of soul, not color, physical features or cephalic index. For Carto, "the genetic interpretation of race is a necessary, useful and valid one if we are to see all of our problems clearly and accurately."

We must have faith, says Carto, "in our superiority and survival." That faith will "spark the single-minded and intolerant power which can clean and redeem our fast-decaying, rotting milieu." We cannot clean and redeem without *power*: "Political power is the essential criterion . . . and to the goal of political power all else must be temporarily sacrificed." Only those who hew to the Yockey line, as interpreted by Carto, can save the West. All others—which is to say, the conservative movement—are "dainty combatants" who would fight the Enemy with "measured, 'moderate' words and avoidance of 'extremists'." Anyone who is not wholly with him must be against him. He warns of a crafty tactic of the Enemy: "Infiltration into the movement and/or the building up of false leadership in order to sabotage the movement at the optimum time, meanwhile diverting patriot energies into harmless or controlled activities." Carto is ready to consign other conservatives to outer darkness. They are "Quislings," "ADL agents"—traitors.

Carto has expounded his peculiar version of Yockeyism ever since, through a number of books and periodicals, and even (carefully and quite subtly) through apparently quite orthodox conservative organizations under his control or influence. He has even acted as a man-to-man evangelist, promoting the gospel among influential acquaintances. One such acquaintance, an official of a leading conservative organization, was surprised not long ago to receive a telephone call from Carto, who wanted a favor. When the man balked, Carto removed the gloves: "Well, you should remember that I still have those letters from you, and orders for *Imperium*, where you praised Yockey and *Imperium*. It might be very embarrassing for you if I circulated those letters to certain people. . . ."

In June 1964 the first issue of a new, thoroughly Yockey-

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ite monthly magazine appeared—*Western Destiny*. The masthead listed the business office as Box 713, Sausalito, California—the same address as Noontide Press. The lead editorial, entitled "A Word from the Publisher" (no publisher is listed on the masthead), is full of "inner enemies" and the "Spirit of the Age"; it refers to Carto's "brilliant Introduction to *Imperium*." Judging by the content and the distinctively shrill, rambling style, the author of this anonymous editorial, the unlisted publisher of *Western Destiny*, is most likely—Willis Carto. On the facing page appears a congratulatory letter, emphasizing that subscriptions are "only $4 per year," from—W. A. Carto. The three other congratulatory letters are signed by Tyler Kent, Kenneth Goff and Verne P. Kaub, all then listed as members of Liberty Lobby's Board of Policy.

Dr. Oliver has named Carto as the "founder" of *Western Destiny*. The connection with Noontide Press is suggestive, as is the presence of "E. L. Anderson, Ph.D." on the masthead. According to the lead editorial, "Dr. Anderson was the guiding spirit of *Right* for the five years of its existence. . . ." According to former associates, "E. L. Anderson, Ph.D." is Carto himself.

4. A Trial Balloon, Filled with Hot Air, Ascends

Carto's Liberty Lobby, meanwhile, was picking up steam. In January 1961 the first issue of *Liberty Letter* was published. Later that year, Carto found the perfect front-man for his Washington operations in Curtis B. Dall, a retired Air Force Reserve Colonel, former stockbroker and ex-son-in-law of Franklin D. Roosevelt. A handsome, vigorous man then in his early sixties, Dall was the epitome of seeming respectability—and he shared with his employer Carto belief in the Enemy. In testifying for Liberty Lobby on the Trade Expansion Bill of 1962, Dall finished his prepared remarks and then shared with the Senate Finance Committee some of his own views: "In this case, the real center and heart of this international cabal shows its hand; namely the political Zionist planners for absolute rule via One World government." He wondered publicly whether President Kennedy had "somehow become a working 'pawn' in their game."

In 1963 two new fronts were established. Americans for National Security, evidently meant to be Liberty Lobby's contact-point among the military, boasted a "Board of Endorsers" composed of thirteen retired officers plus Dr. Oliver. It operated out of the Liberty Lobby offices under the nominal direction of Stanley M. Andrews, fundamentalist preacher, former aide to Ohio Senator Frank Lausche, and a member of the Board of Policy. The Government Educational Foundation was incorporated January 31 by three Liberty Lobby employees, ostensibly to do educational and research work. Finally, in 1963 Liberty Lobby moved into its own building, a three-story brick affair at the corner of Independence Avenue and Third Street S.E.

At this time, Carto was linked publicly to the Lobby only as its Treasurer and a member of the Board of Policy. In fact he was then, as he is today, its sole owner and proprietor. According to a 1964 statement, "Liberty Lobby cannot act on any issue without prior approval of the Board." In fact, the Board of Policy never met—as its Chairman, Col. Dall, admitted under oath late in 1963. At that time Col. Dall identified Carto as "chief executive officer of Liberty Lobby and the main motivating individual in it." John W. Wood, the Lobby's General Counsel, called Carto the "operating head" of the organization, and noted that Carto had full custody of its funds.

Early in 1964, Liberty Lobby's Board of Policy was expanded from thirty members to forty-five. Among the newcomers were some strange figures: Rev. James F. Dees, who once called Gerald L. K. Smith "the greatest patriot in this country today"; Ed Delaney, an American who broadcast over Berlin Radio until America's entry into World War II; Kenneth Goff, a former associate of Smith; Joseph P. Kamp, who served a term in prison for contempt of Congress; Tyler Kent, convicted in 1940 by a British court of divulging secrets to the Axis while working in the American Embassy, and whom Ambassador Joseph Kennedy branded as an antisemite; Robert Kuttner, associated with *Right* from 1958 to 1960, and with *Western Destiny* (where he would soon write: "Evolutionary ethics defends the duty of the state to control the biological composition of its future population"); W. Henry McFarland, another former Smith associate and operator of the Nationalist Action League, listed as "fascist" by the Attorney General; Ned Touchstone, contributing editor of *Western Destiny* and editor of *The Councilor*, journal of the White Citizens' Councils; Major Arch Roberts, author of the Birchite "Pro-Blue" program that got General Edwin A. Walker into trouble.

THE Presidential campaign of 1964 sparked Liberty Lobby's Great Leap Forward. That campaign evoked a torrent of books and pamphlets. Liberty Lobby cashed in on the phenomenon with a tabloid-size publication, *LBJ: A Political Biography*. Owing almost entirely to the tabloid, Liberty Lobby's income jumped six-fold, to $346,000 in 1964, of which $280,000 came from sales of printed matter. Expenditures rose comparably, to $374,000 ($281,000 for printing and mailing). A subscription blank was included in the tabloid, of which the Lobby claims to have circulated over ten million copies. This, it was later claimed, brought in fifty thousand new subscriptions to *Liberty Letter*. By September 1965, Liberty Lobby claimed a paid circulation of 150,000.

Much of the credit for the rapid growth of Liberty Lobby in 1964, and for its continued prosperity in the years that followed, belongs to W. B. Hicks, who was brought in (taken in?) as Executive Secretary early that year after working five years as Business Manager and Assistant Publisher of *Human Events*. An amiable live-wire of anarchist disposition, Hicks oversaw all phases of Liberty Lobby's business, wrote for its newsletter, and testified before congressional committees. Except for brief forays into Washington, Carto stayed on the West Coast, devoting his time and energy to collateral operations. But he kept firm control of Liberty Lobby.

Early in 1965 Liberty Lobby issued a 23-page memorandum on the 1964 election, entitled "Conservative Victory Plan." It concluded with these words:

> . . . it is through the political means and only the political means that power can be captured and America saved; . . . all efforts must be directed toward the goal of capturing political power. . . . those who offer other avenues of activity

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for Conservatives may be retarding the fight and confusing the issue.

"Those who offer other avenues" sound like the "dainty combatants" mentioned in Carto's Introduction to *Imperium* —or are they the agents of the Enemy, "diverting patriot energies into harmless or controlled activities"? Later in 1965 the "Conservative Victory Plan," appeared in finished form under the title "Looking Forward." There are certain revisions. For instance, in "Looking Forward," politics is defined as "activity in relation to power"—a direct quotation from Yockey's *Imperium*.

Political power is to be seized through the "party-within-a-party" technique that enabled the conservative majority in the GOP to nominate Goldwater. The "party-within-a-party" approach was to be tried "through the congressional elections of 1966 at which time a decision can be made whether or not the efforts had been successful enough to warrant further such activity or whether the time had come to make a clean break and form a new party aimed toward electing a Conservative President in 1968." Should this approach fail, Liberty Lobby early made its choice for the leader of that third-party 1968 ticket: Late in 1965 it published a new tabloid, *Stand Up for America*, an adulatory biography of George C. Wallace.

PERHAPS the 45-man Board of Policy proved embarrassing; perhaps Carto saw a new way to raise money. Whatever the reason, in January 1966 the Board of Policy was thrown open to all corners—all, that is, who were willing to pledge at least a dollar a month to Liberty Lobby and sign a "loyalty oath" affirming loyalty to the Constitution and the Republic. In a letter to "Dear Alerted American," Col. Dall announced that "LIBERTY LOBBY is now being turned over to your control."

The bait in this exercise in participatory democracy—besides the sense of belonging, the chance "to share the thrill of victory for good government"—was, and remains: a "lifetime" subscription to *Liberty Letter*, one to *Liberty Lowdown*, a "Confidential Report on Washington and world events," placement of one's name on "a special PRIORITY mailing list of Activists that entitles you to receive Emergency Bulletins by *Air Mail*," and a nifty red-white-and-blue membership card. Within a year, twelve thousand people had signed up. Today the figure claimed varies; most often, it's 23,000 or 25,000.

Liberty Lobby strives to maintain the illusion of participation for Board members. "Board of Policy National Conventions" are held from time to time, at which speakers from Liberty Lobby's stable are featured and at which occasional votes are taken. But the member doesn't lose his vote if he stays home—ballots are forever arriving in the mail, and forever being faithfully mailed back to the Liberty Building, where they are never counted. The air-mailed "Emergency Bulletins" are pitches for money, over and above the member's pledged $12 per year. The "lifetime subscription" to *Liberty Letter*, it turns out, goes into effect only *after* the pledger has given Liberty Lobby the price of a lifetime subscription—at this writing, $50.

Board of Policy members also receive mailings directed to the *Liberty Letter* subscription list, offering for sale things which Board members are, in fact, entitled to receive free. In 1969, for instance, *Letter* subscribers *and* Board members were sent a special half-price lifetime subscription offer. Only a few members complained that by virtue of their pledges, they were already lifetime subscribers; thousands sent in their $25. If an innocent joins the Board of Policy and pledges in advance to donate $100 a year, money he sends Liberty Lobby is credited to his pledge account only if he so specifies. Pledge accounts have been known to be doctored: Pledgers who have paid in advance are billed anyway; those who pledge to pay quarterly are billed monthly—all on the assumption that most will go ahead and pay anyway. The few who complain are sent letters of apology for the "clerical error."

THROUGH all this energetic self-promotion and all this dabbling in Republican politics, Liberty Lobby was also busy on Capitol Hill. Its principal function was to stimulate pressure on legislators from the folks back home; its actual "lobbying" amounted to very little. Liberty Lobby itself admits in its reports to the Clerk of the House that only 10 per cent of its income is devoted to lobbying.

By 1965, the format of *Liberty Letter* had jelled. The first page of each issue features a scare headline and scare copy about some impending wickedness that only the reader can avert. The issues trumpeted on Page One are always guaranteed to appeal to good conservatives. The more emotional the issue, the better: "CONSULAR TREATY TO ALLOW SOVIET AGENTS IN YOUR CITY. . . . The Johnson Administration plan to allow Soviet spy nests in American cities is with us again after being repulsed by horrified public outcry in 1965. . . ." (Notice the imputation of *deliberate intent*: Foreign spies will come into the country not as a consequence of an unwise treaty, but as part of a *plan*.)

Inside *Liberty Letter*, things get spicier—and a whole lot

Colonel Dall.

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more conspiratorial. An editorial in the April 1967 issue blamed passage of the Consular Treaty on the "Invisible Government," on "the billionaires and their Communist allies." In another issue Ray Bliss, then GOP National Chairman, is dismissed as "merely a puppet for the INTER-COMMS (billionaire internationalists and communists)." The Export-Import Bank is "an instrument of the Administration's pro-Communist foreign policy"—again, possible effect becomes deliberate intent.

Aside from the calls to action on Page One and the somewhat eccentric editorial theorizings on Page Two, *Liberty Letter* consists mostly of plugs—for the Lobby's pet congressmen; for books it sells (*The Drew Pearson Story*, a McNamara attack, the Wallace tabloid, a whitewash of Tyler Kent, politely racist books like Carleton Putnam's *Race and Reason* and not-so-polite ones like Earnest Cox' *White America*, published by Noontide Press); for expensive group tours arranged by Liberty Lobby's front, Friends of Rhodesian Independence (FRI); for a bewildering variety of "special projects."

Liberty Lowdown, the "Confidential Report" for pledgers, turned out to be more explicitly conspiratorial. The defeat in 1967 of Mrs. Phyllis Schlafly for the presidency of the National Federation of Republican Women, for instance, is laid to the Enemy: " . . . the 'Invisible Government,' (whether you call it 'Inter-Comms,' Council on Foreign Relations or Wall Street), which has so much at stake in the continued dominance of the Left over America." Mrs. Schlafly was done in, says *Liberty Lowdown*, by the GOP National Committee, through General Lucius D. Clay, who is "front man" for Sidney J. Weinberg of Goldman, Sachs & Co. "Since the death of Bernard Baruch, many sophisticated observers have considered the enigmatic Sidney Weinberg to be the most powerful man in America." Allusions to the "Invisible Government" and such, in Liberty Lobby publications and elsewhere, almost always bring in a Jewish name or two.

ALL IN ALL, things were going nicely at the end of 1968. Income that year was $850,000; distribution of *Liberty Letter* was pushing 200,000. Hicks took excellent care of the day-to-day business of Liberty Lobby; Carto spent most of his time in California, frying other fish. Then, early in 1969, Hicks asked for a leave of absence to write a book. Carto agreed reluctantly, and Hicks and his father-in-law set out February 8 to sail Hicks' schooner, *Dreamer*, down the Intercoastal Waterway to Fort Lauderdale, to meet Mrs. Hicks and their young son. The next day, in the mouth of the Potomac, *Dreamer* capsized in a windstorm. Both men were lost.

With Hicks gone, Carto had to take a more active role in running Liberty Lobby. The moment he did, things began to come unglued. As one former associate of the two men recalls: "When W. B. and I were there, it was possible for us to exercise a certain degree of influence on Carto, to keep him from going off the deep end. I realized when W. B. was killed that I couldn't restrain Willis alone, to keep him from injecting his philosophy into the organization." According to the same man, Hicks "never meant to come back from the cruise," had wanted to leave Liberty Lobby for several months and had mused in November: "I wonder. . . . What if I told Willis I was dying of cancer?"

5. The Carto Cartel Expands

Carto had taken over the venerable *American Mercury* in 1966, via the Legion for the Survival of Freedom, a Texas corporation of which he became an officer sometime after February 1965. In June 1966 he signed, as Vice President of the Legion, articles of merger with the Committee for Religious Development, a District of Columbia corporation and evidently a Carto front. (As listed in the merger papers, assets of CRD included 1,600 copies of *Imperium*, back issues of *Western Destiny* and rights to exclusive use of the names Noontide Press and *Western Destiny*.)

Seven of the Contributing Editors to the new *Mercury*, including "E. L. Anderson, Ph.D.," had been editors of *Western Destiny* (which was discontinued when Carto gained control of *Mercury*). Fourteen more were on the 1965 Liberty Lobby Board of Policy, or have been closely associated with the Lobby—among them Col. Dall, Stanley M. Andrews, Taylor Caldwell, Maj. Roberts and Ned Touchstone. Bruce Holman, associated with Carto on *Right* from 1955 to 1960, is listed as Chairman of the Board. The Managing Editor is La Vonne D. Furr, an officer of the Legion for the Survival of Freedom.

Staples of *American Mercury* since 1966 have been:

—*Revisionist history*, usually with a pronounced pro-German, anti-Jewish slant. "This 'Judeo-Christian Heritage' Hoax" by Joseph P. Kamp, for instance, exposes a "malicious myth" promoted by "the ADL and the AJC [American Jewish Committee] and their associated groups, stooges and sycophants."

—*Yockeyism*. Whole sections of *Imperium* have been reprinted in *Mercury*; the magazine celebrated the first moon landing by quoting Carto's meditations on outer space from the Introduction to Yockey's book.

—*Antisemitism*. Whatever the issue, the Jew almost always lurks nearby. Often the message is put across merely by the gratuitous inclusion of his name. Col. S. S. McClure, for instance, calls the Department of Defense Office of Civil Rights a "group of political commissars headed by Jack Moskowitz." On the same subject, "E. L. Anderson, Ph.D." declares: "*The Communist-devised system of 'integration' in an army will ruin it.* Nationalists have known this for years, and most of them protested when Anna Rosenberg, the Communist Assistant Secretary of Defense under Truman, forcibly integrated Negro and White units, during the Korean War." Sometimes it becomes absurd—as when *Mercury* writer John Mitchell Henshaw insists on renaming the Kerner Commission after its Executive Director, David Ginsberg.

—*Conspiracy theories*. Here again, *cherchez le Juif*. In a typical article, "Who Makes Our Anti-American Foreign policy?," Henshaw pulls out all the stops. For fifty years, he says, the "high elite" in the Council on Foreign Relations has controlled U.S. foreign policy. The CFR, he informs us, was founded in 1919 by a flock of International Bankers with Jewish names (he lists them). Then he shifts gears: "The genesis of a conspiratorial underground to establish a one-world government occurred May 1, 1776 when Adam Weishaupt founded the Order of Illuminati. . . ." Then, abruptly, back to the CFR: "Scholars . . . trace the lineage of the CFR back to Cecil Rhodes, who was bankrolled by the Rothschilds in the exploitation of the diamond and gold resources of Southern Africa." Rhodes established the

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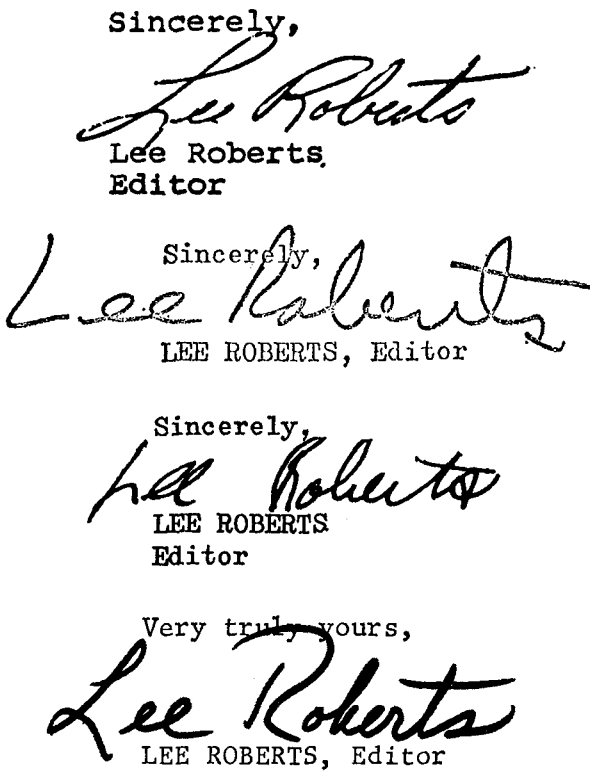

Signatures of "Washington Observer" editor, from promotion letters. The real Roberts can't possibly stand up.

Rhodes Scholarships. "Virtually all of the Rhodes Scholars in the United States are members of the CFR." Then, back to the International Bankers: "It is highly significant that some of the founders of CFR are also founders of the American Jewish Committee." *Then*: "The Jews in New York . . . did not want the Eastern European Jews as competitors in business, so Jacob Schiff and his partners in Kuhn, Loeb & Co. conceived the idea of bankrolling Leon Trotsky and his cohorts in overthrowing the Czarist regime in Russia. . . ." Henshaw goes on and on and on, circling back every so often to the CFR, throwing in another handful of Jewish names, never tying it all together. One pictures the bewildered reader flipping over to one of the *Mercury*'s occasional noncontroversial articles, such as "Remember Penny Candy?" or "That Pain Could Be Bursitis."

SIMULTANEOUSLY with the strange, new-look *American Mercury* came another publication, the newsletter *Washington Observer*. The two publications may be subscribed to only in tandem, at a combined price of $10 per year for the semi-monthly *Observer* and the quarterly *Mercury*. The editor of *Observer*, according to its masthead, is "Lee Roberts" who, the ADL gravely reports, is "as elusive as Carto himself"—hardly surprising, because Roberts does not exist. The bulk of the writing is done by that student of conspiracies, John Mitchell Henshaw.

Observer imitates *Mercury*'s insistent dropping of Jewish names: ". . . the Kennedy-Yarmolinsky-Rostow Administration" . . . "New Assistant Secretary of the Navy James D. Hittel is a 'soul brother' of Max M. Kampelman, Hubert Humphrey's bagman and master fixer." . . . "[Presidential Assistant Peter] Flanigan is a fair-haired boy of the old Wall Street buccaneer Clarence Dillon, whose real name is Lapowski." The reader is never permitted to forget who's Jewish. Take three associates of President Nixon: "Arthur F. Burns (real name: Bernstein)" . . . "an Austrian Jew" . . . "succeeding Leon Keyserling, a German Jew." Leonard Garment is invariably referred to as "Nixon's Jewish law partner." But *Observer*'s favorite is Henry Kissinger—"this 46-year old German-born Jew" . . . "alien-born" . . . "Henry Kissinger, alien-born Jew" . . . "His father was Rabbi Louis K. Kissinger, a prominent Zionist leader in Germany" . . .

IN 1969 Carto moved to conceal his connection with *Mercury/Observer* by "resigning" from their parent corporation, the Legion for the Survival of Freedom. Even if Carto were to swear on a stack of *Imperiums* that he and *Mercury/Observer* have nothing to do with each other, he should get the horselaugh. The most casual observer soon detects a tight relationship between the various components of Carto's empire. The same names keep popping up on this letterhead, that masthead or board; it's a closed group, and only very rarely will the name of an "outsider" appear. The various enterprises plug one another assiduously, often effusively: *Observer* and *Mercury* take due notice of FRI's latest African tour, Liberty Lobby fund pitches include offprints of "uncorrected galley proofs" of articles from *Mercury*, of *Observer* clippings "from LL files."

Liberty Letter, *Mercury* and *Observer* hardly ever mention (except in the most negative terms) "outside" conservative organizations or efforts; they boost only FRI, Americans for National Security, Government Educational Foundation, Noontide Press and *Mercury/Observer*; and, more recently, Youth for Wallace, National Youth Alliance, Save Our Schools.

But there is more than just surface evidence to connect Carto's various operations. Many operate out of the Liberty Building—e.g., Friends of Rhodesian Independence; the campaign-fund raising United Congressional Appeal. A former employee of Liberty Lobby remembers designing the format of *Washington Observer* (the logo of which is set in the same typeface as that of *Liberty Letter*); another recalls shuttling back and forth with *Observer* copy and proofs between the Liberty Building and the Gray Printing Company. C. William Gray of that firm describes Carto as "the main man in the whole thing." Carto is said sometimes to prepare *Mercury* articles for the printer himself; a copy of one manuscript exists with emendations in his handwriting.

6. Carto Undertakes to Make the Word Flesh

As the 1968 Presidential campaign neared, Liberty Lobby was well established and prosperous, but the ultimate goal, political power, seemed as far away as ever. The "party-within-a-party" approach had failed; Carto moved to set up a national Youth for Wallace organization. Youth for Wallace was financed by Carto via the front Action Associates. In all, $40,000 to $50,000 went to Youth for Wallace. The group used Liberty Lobby's mailing list, sold the Lobby's Wallace tabloid, and was given the services of Doug Clee, a Lobby employee, for clerical and administrative work.

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National Chairman of Youth for Wallace was John Acord, an independent operator who had bought the Friends of Rhodesian Independence mailing list and set up the American-Southern Africa Council. About seventeen thousand members were recruited. Acord's understanding from the first was that regardless of the outcome of the election, Youth for Wallace would continue after November under some other name. On November 15, at a meeting at the Army-Navy Club, Youth for Wallace was renamed the National Youth Alliance. Acord was made National Chairman and Dennis McMahon, National Vice Chairman. A four-point program was adopted, opposing drugs, Black Power, the SDS, and American involvement in foreign wars. Acord later said that copies of *Imperium* were passed around at the meeting, which was chaired by Carto and attended by Col. Dall and others.

In January and February, organizational meetings were held on campuses in Atlanta, New Orleans, Washington, Chicago, Pittsburgh, and in Utah and California, to bring members of Youth for Wallace into the new operation. Carto was on hand, peddling Noontide Press books. In Chicago, Col. Dall gave a speech in which he went on about the "international bankers." And in Pittsburgh—

In Pittsburgh, something went wrong—just what isn't clear and probably never will be. As Acord tells it, he and McMahon were invited to a party in Carto's honor, to be held after the NYA session at the Conley Motel in nearby Monroeville. The party was thrown by something called the "Francis Parker Yockey Movement." The host was Louis T. Byers, a leader of the Wallace campaign in Western Pennsylvania. At a cocktail party attended by Carto and Col. Dall, guests allegedly wore Nazi insignia and the hi-fi blasted Nazi war songs. After a buffet supper, a formal meeting was held. It began, according to Acord, with the singing of the "Horst Wessel Lied." Speeches on "Plato the Fascist" and "Negrified and Judaized America" followed. Byers gave a rundown on recent books of interest, paying special attention to a forthcoming Noontide Press book, *The Myth of the Six Million*. Then Carto took the rostrum:

> He spoke of his meetings with Yockey and how the movement was growing throughout the nation. He expressed his belief that political power, like that he was building in Liberty Lobby, would soon bring the "Imperium" of which all Yockeyites dream. . . . In the meantime, it was necessary for Yockeyites to collect as much political power as possible within all existing political institutions and to capture the leadership of as many conservative elements as possible as the nation swings to the right. In this manner, said Carto, the FPYM members will capture the nation.
>
> Next to Jews, the most despised of all are the leaders of the legitimate Right like such as Bill Buckley Jr., John Ashbrook, Fulton Lewis III, *ad infinatum* [sic].They, said Carto, are the real enemies of the Yockeyites. They are the principal obstacles to be overcome.

In an affidavit of his own, McMahon confirms the essence of Acord's story, and says that after the meeting the group adjourned in small groups to a room where Robert Johnson, operator of the Sabre and Sword Curio Shop in Buffalo, N.Y., had for sale swastika banners, recordings of German war songs, genuine and fake Nazi war relics, and even (for $150) an SS uniform.

Acord says he confronted Carto March 2 and told him that "we would no longer have his influencing the future course of the NYA." Carto then ordered the NYA telephone rerouted and its address changed and, according to Acord, broke into the office at 200 Third Street S.E. and took the NYA files. Acord resigned from NYA March 24, taking with him McMahon, who just a month before had written a bloodthirsty article bragging on "NYA terror squads," that Carto tidied up somewhat for publication in the Spring 1969 *American Mercury*. By early April new letterheads had been printed, showing the NYA address as 130 Third Street S.E., the Liberty Building.

Clearly, the Acord-McMahon story of the events of January 25 is the work of men who feel considerable bitterness over their ouster from NYA. But it is significant that the story falls into two parts, lurid stories of Nazi talk and Nazi trappings, and an account—calmer in comparison—of Carto's speech. It is significant, too, that the speech as paraphrased by Acord is exactly in line with the power-oriented political philosophy that Carto has expounded, publicly, for years (cf. his Introduction to *Imperium*).

With Acord out of the way, Carto was ready for the next NYA meeting—another session in Pittsburgh March 29-30, at which national officers were to be elected. The featured speaker was Dr. Oliver, who had consented to support NYA on the conditions that Carto eliminate his "unsavory and scabrous playmates, particularly Acord" and guarantee NYA a subsidy of at least $50,000 per year for two years. After the evening meeting on the twenty-ninth, a party took place on the tenth floor of the Pick-Roosevelt Hotel. According to Thomas J. Pallone Jr., then Connecticut NYA Chairman, " . . . many people [were] singing German songs (one of which was the Nazi national anthem). One member boasted about having his own SS uniform. There were toasts to Adolf Hitler and Nazi armbands displayed." James Sullivan, an NYA member from New York, described the party in these words: "There were Nazi and only Nazi banners on the walls, Nazi songs were sung and lewd anti-Christian and Jewish remarks were made, there was a vast array of people wearing Nazi WWII medals. . . . Mr. Louis Byers . . . was proudly flaunting his new custom made swastika cufflinks. Almost everyone present . . . had on Nazi medals or paraphernalia."

Probably the most disinterested account of the party comes from John C. Watley, head of Georgia NYA, who disassociated his group from both the NYA factions that subsequently arose. In one affidavit, Watley says the party was attended by "associate members" (under NYA rules, persons over thirty years of age) who "sang decidedly racist songs with denigrating lyrics, supported [sported?] American Nazi cufflinks, and in general showed their intentions to be somewhat less than the original four-point purpose of the NYA." In another, he says:

> At no time did I see anywhere any Nazi emblems, swastikas or armbands, except on one rather drunk person who had on some "genuine" German Nazi buttons made into cufflinks. The German songs I heard sung were in general beer-drinking songs with "Deutschland, Deutschland, über Alles" the only one that could have been called a Nazi song. A tape recorder was turned on which had a song called "The Cajun Ku Klux Klan" on it. It was played twice. I then left, all the scotch being gone. Out in the hallway I ran into Willis Carto. . . . I remarked to him then that some people might get the wrong idea about what was going on inside. He told me they were just drunk and "blowing off steam."

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The next day an election of officers took place, in which an "anti-Nazi" slate headed by Patrick Tifer, a pale, wispy boy from Michigan, won. During the voting, according to Sullivan, Carto delivered an impassioned plea for "unity"; when the voting continued to go against him, he threw a colossal tantrum. Sullivan says the meeting ended with the Tiferites believing they were now in control of NYA; as Pallone tells it, the Cartoites ignored the election results, "proposed that *Imperium*, a book which no one had read, be the guiding light of the NYA and broke up the meeting." Certainly, the voting was a mere formality: Almost a month before, on March 5, Carto had had three Liberty Lobby employees, Gerald and Carol Dunn and Anne Dabney, incorporate NYA in the District of Columbia. Its announced purpose was "distribution of material to young people advocating good citizenship."

Carto placed Byers in charge of his NYA. Byers' first official act was to sign a note for $50,000 owed to Action Associates. NYA offices were moved to a room on the eighth floor of the Dupont Circle Building. A slogan—"Free Men Are Not Equal . . . Equal Men Are Not Free"—and a symbol—the mathematical sign denoting inequality—were adopted. Noontide Press reprinted *Imperium* in a paperback, primarily for sale by NYA. In an early promotional letter, Byers wrote: "NYA has a purpose, a cohesion, and a dynamic all its own. Our approach is *unique*: It is based on the philosophy of Yockey's monumental *Imperium* . . ."

In June 1969, Carto published in *Liberty Letter* a notice to the effect that the Lobby's mailing list was not available to other groups. That included NYA, he informed Byers. Carto provided other lists, including the *Mercury/Observer* list, that didn't pull well. By the end of the summer, NYA was in a tightening bind. Says Byers: "Carto kept telling me that money was 'just around the corner,' and encouraged me to keep operating on credit, running up bills. He selected the mailing lists, he approved the pitch letters—and every time I sent out a mailing, it lost money. At that time, however, I still trusted Carto. In fact, I thought he was Francis Parker Yockey reincarnated."

7. Things Do Not Go Nicely

"Willis can't stand for anyone to leave him," a long-time associate says. One is not supposed to quit; one is expected to stay at Liberty Lobby forever, or until fired. Now, shortly after Hicks' death, Carto lost two key employees: Leo Donald Phillips, Managing Editor of *Liberty Letter* and the man on whom Carto depended to keep the office running smoothly, and Michael D. Jaffe, Liberty Lobby's General Counsel and chief contact-man on the Hill.

In July 1969, Phillips took over the American-Southern Africa Council from the departed Acord—whereupon Carto attacked, re-establishing his old Friends of Rhodesian Independence with Taylor Caldwell fronting. The Council was attacked in *Washington Observer* and an obscure, viciously antisemitic paper called *Statecraft*. Carto is believed to have sent copies of the attacks to the entire A-SAC mailing list.

Meanwhile, Carto and his lobby were coming under heavy attack, mostly from sources which rejoice at any evidence that the right wing in America is latently racist and fascist. Here the evidence was pretty nearly undeniable. Acord and McMahon took their affidavits relating the events at the first meeting in Pittsburgh to Drew Pearson and Jack Anderson. The story came out in a series of columns in April and May 1969. Late in May, conservative columnist James Jackson Kilpatrick picked up the story. His column, based on the Acord-McMahon account, concluded: "Never let it be said that conservatives don't have embarrassments also." The reply was a smear in *Statecraft* by Editor C. R. Baker, duly reprinted in the Fall 1969 *American Mercury*, about "James J. Kilpatrick—Conservative Quisling." Kilpatrick's ultimate treachery was not being Jewish.

In October 1969 Carto learned of the plans of his former associate Phillips to set up his own lobby. The *Observer* promptly broke the story of "a fake conservative lobby to enlist support for the Nixon Administration by siphoning off funds and support from reputable pro-American institutions." The Anti-Defamation League, the *Observer* sug-

In happier days: John Acord, sometime head of NYA; Willis Carto; the late W. B. Hicks.

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... and some of my best friends are NIGGERS— oops I mean NEGROES, er ah, BLACK people, that is.
KIKEY
Oy-vey these goyim are getting dumber all the time - we can't even keep 'em trained anymore.
DIRECTOR

"Statecraft" attempts humor.

gested, was the secret backer of the new lobby. A little later Phillips was extensively smeared in *Statecraft*, which was launched early in 1969 by C. R. Baker and Daniel Paulson —two more of the "unsavory and scabrous playmates" that Dr. Oliver says he compelled Carto to exclude from NYA. The paper is explicitly, super-obnoxiously racist and anti-semitic, whose cartoons depict apelike, thick-lipped Negroes, and mincing, hook-nosed Jews. Baker has been seen often in the Liberty Building. There is testimony to direct support for *Statecraft* from Carto: a check from Liberty Lobby for $1,500. It was not cashed by *Statecraft*, for reasons unknown.

TO UNDERWRITE all these ventures, Carto had to keep the money coming. He proved himself capable of coming up with emergency needs.

A letter went out from Col. Dall March 11, 1969, announcing that a $55,000 loan on the Liberty Building had been called, that *"if we are unable to come up with $55,000 by midnight of March 25, we will be EVICTED."* The money rolled in—more than $100,000, according to one estimate. Interestingly, the name "Liberty Lobby" appears on none of the instruments connected with the purchase of the Liberty Building. The purchaser in 1965 and sole owner since 1969 is—the "Government Educational Foundation." On the original papers, Carto signed as Chairman of the Board of GEF; as recently as a year ago he signed, as President of the Foundation, an agreement with the District of Columbia relating to the construction of an underground vault on the property—to contain what, one certainly wonders.

Carto worked a similar game toward the end of 1969. That fall Liberty Lobby acquired a computer. The Capitol Hill Data Processing Company was set up to bring in outside work to cover leasing costs. From the beginning there were foul-ups of subscriber and pledger records stored in the computer. The best guess is that the problems were caused by incompetent, underpaid, untrained help. On December 11, a "Confidential Memorandum" went out from Col. Dall to the Board of Policy, announcing that "LIBERTY LOBBY has been sabotaged in its computer department." He explained: ". . . the forces of the enemy do not play games. . . . The prize is sole money and political control of the world. The international one-world money merchants are steadily closing their grip on what is left of our uninformed society. . . ." Following the "sabotage" of the computer, Carto tightened security. Employees were not permitted to be away from their desks without permission; anyone caught wandering was interrogated. Mike Russell, an NYA field worker, was brought in to babysit the computer and otherwise guard against the Enemy. In May 1970 all employees were ordered to take lie detector tests. They were asked if they had stolen money or lists, or had been in contact with the FBI or ADL.

THE FIRST outward evidence of Carto's new, more active role in Liberty Lobby was an enthusiastic review of *Imperium* in the May 1969 *Liberty Letter*. Omitting to mention the racist theme of the book, Managing Editor Doug Clee (later to flunk his polygraph test) praised it as "a major work of philosophy." By July 1970, Page One of *Liberty Letter* raved openly about the "aggressive minority which tightly controls the 'free press,' " an "alien-minded and America-last group," "the militant and ruthless Zionist pressure machine." And by September, an Emergency *Liberty Letter* shrilled of "thousands of undercover Zionist 'fixers,' lobbyists and Leftists—including Golda Meir, socialist premier of Israel—who prowl the corridors of Congress and converge on the White House."

Quite clearly, Liberty Lobby has accepted the *Washington Observer*'s explanation of Zionism: "Most people think the purpose of the so-called Zionist movement is to establish a homeland for refugee Jews in Palestine—not at all. The real purpose of Zionism is to establish totalitarian global control via a world super-government."

The preoccupation appears very nearly total. Carto wrote to Byers in 1969, concerning a projected tabloid:

> I think this tab will have a hell of an impact, mostly on the Kosher Kons[ervatives]. . . . Elisabeth [Mrs. Carto] feels that there is danger of some effectiveness being lost because of appearing too antijew. I think she's right. . . . She suggests that the character be changed from a typical speciment [sic] of a pawnbroker to General Dyan [sic]! This will get away from making the tab appear too antijew, or ridiculing the poor dears, and also points it up more directly. I think this is a great idea, and will make the whole thing better. In other words, Dyan with the eye patch pointing his finger at viewer and saying, "I NEED YOU . . . TO FIGHT FOR ISRAEL." . . . Also, as a general criticism, I think there should be more stuff in it about the Wall Street jew. . . . Remember that we are trying to reach the Leftist goyim. . . . Also, do you have that picture of 4 or 5 Jews that appeared in *Time* about three years ago which showed the publishers of various "underground papers." Each of them was a particular type of Jew. . . . There is always the tendency to lose effectiveness in this type of thing by overdoing it from the taste of the "average Goy." So let's be very careful about ridiculing them. . . . Best, Willis.

8. Farewell

And so Liberty Lobby, its mastermind and all the satellite enterprises lumber on. Will he succeed—ever—in profiteering from America's confusion, instituting his "single minded and intolerant power which can clean and redeem"? By the figures, the future looks uncertain for the Carto

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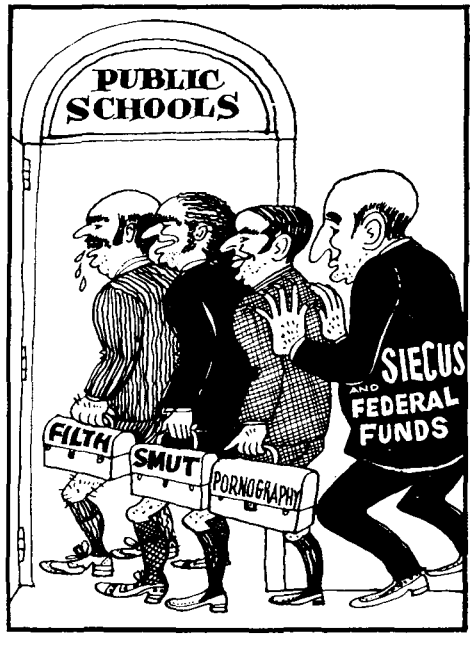
complex. Liberty Lobby's revenues are down sharply: Only $310,000 (so far as one can ascertain) was raised in the first six months of 1970, doubling that figure gives only $620,000 for the year, well down from the 1969 total of $850,000. A publisher's sworn statement lists the average paid circulation of *Liberty Letter* (October 1969 to October 1970) at 240,000, but circulation for September 1970 was only 178,000. A report filed with the Clerk of the House last June claimed total distribution of 150,000 copies of *Liberty Letter*—well below Col. Dall's ambitious claim of "half a million readers." Last fall, United Congressional Appeal, Liberty Lobby's campaign fund-raising arm, distributed only $63,000 to candidates (the goal was $250,000), compared with $93,000 two years before.

The attacks on conservatives grow ever sillier. The latest is a suit against the American Conservative Union, for allegedly stealing Liberty Lobby's mailing list. The real motivation behind this inexplicable lawsuit emerged in the *Washington Observer* (September 15, 1970). The ADL is still trying to "neutralize" the conservative movement, the Liberty folk inform us, using that agent Murray Chotiner (Nixon aide), but—

> Since the first exposure of this plan . . . it has been modified —the "American Lobby" [Phillips' organization] appeared, but stillborn and without backing. Instead, the emphasis was changed to buttressing an older group established in late 1964 by master promoter, Marvin Liebman—the American Conservative Union. ACU has broadened the scope of its alleged activities to compete with the well-established Liberty Lobby, as well as the nonpartisan political campaign organization, the United Congressional Appeal. * * *
>
> The cast of characters playing roles in Chotiner's Coalition would not want to be seen on the street together. They include Charles McManus of the Americans for Constitutional Action, Rep. John Ashbrook and his executive administrator Robert Bauman of the American Conservative Union and Conservative Victory Fund, William F. Buckley of *National Review* and Tom Winter, editor of *Human Events*. Not to mention Henry Kissinger, who needs no introduction to readers of WO.
>
> Although there is a seeming ideological disparity to the above persons, all are subject to Zionist control; some because they have personal (if secret) investments in Israel, some because of political reasons and others because of dependence upon contributions from Jewish fat cats.



Antisemitic cartoon from "Liberty Letter" (September 1969).

Carto's friends are dropping away one by one. Richard Cotten, once a great crowd-pleaser at Liberty Lobby meetings, has broken with him. Dr. Oliver describes Carto as "a species that I do not have the stomach to contemplate without nausea"—in a confidential letter to Col. Dall, made public, says Dr. Oliver, at Dall's request. Lou Byers, cast adrift by Carto after NYA proved unsuccessful, and now being sued for, yes, stealing the mailing list that is the keystone of Carto's edifice, now says: "He's a complete opportunist. He *says* he's a National Socialist, but he isn't—he's a French peasant turned Jewish capitalist."

AND STILL Carto plugs away, pounding his typewriter sixteen hours a day, living like a recluse in the basement of the Liberty Building while his wife stays with her sister in Maryland. *Liberty Letter* keeps urging conservatives to unite, implying, as it has all along, that money spent elsewhere is money wasted. Col. Dall still signs the desperate fund appeals; the newest peril is a "MASSIVE ATTACK AGAINST LIBERTY LOBBY." The pitch letter reads: "Will Government Succeed in Wiping Out Voice of 'Silent Majority' in Washington? . . . *only* LIBERTY LOBBY *stands for the traditional American policy of* NEUTRALITY *in the Mideast!* Is this why the 'Establishment' is now determined to destroy our movement? . . . Your dollars NOW will allow us to COUNTER-ATTACK effectively!" What it means is that the Internal Revenue Service has asked Liberty Lobby to pay an income tax deficiency of $56,762.21.

While the atheist Carto labors in his basement, a Mrs. Carol Dunn cranks out chatty letters to "Dear V.I.P. (Very Important Patriot)," warning of new ADL-Zionist plots, reminding pledgers to get those payments in, and concluding with such paragraphs as: "About one out of five letters assure me 'I am praying for LIBERTY LOBBY.' Well, I want you to know that I also pray daily for you . . . that God will increase your faith, strength, efficiency [!], and multiply your efforts to preserve America. God bless you richly! II Cor. 13:14." Stanley Andrews—*Pastor* Andrews, now—heads a new project, Save Our Schools (from drugs, sex education, "interracial dating"); kept at Liberty Lobby who knows how (he tried to quit in 1965 because, he said in a job application, he didn't feel "recent events relating to the policies and fiscal status of the organization as controlled by Mr. Willis Carto augured well for the future of AFNS").

No, nothing has changed. A recent issue of *Statecraft* featured an elaborate smear of Byers, and a boost for a new NYA being operated out of Michigan by little Patrick Tifer, who told a reporter recently that his operation has Willis Carto's "moral support." In the fine old spirit of *sauve qui peut*, Liberty Lobby has billed Byers $40,000 for the list he allegedly stole, plus $2,867 for "computer time." Last month, Byers caught Baker and a *Statecraft* employee trying to break into his house. "An ADL trap," says Baker.

Which is just about where we came in. □

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A HOAX

The Lindsay Papers

ALEXANDER JAY

THE Pentagon Papers were but a precursor of future revelations. The author has recently received —from excellent sources unknown to Mr. Zion—confidential papers obtained at City Hall. The entire 16,117 pages were Xeroxed over a nine-week period. Highlights are presented below.

Mayor Lindsay will resign and announce his candidacy for the Presidency, in mid-September. With Bella Abzug as his Vice Presidential runningmate, he will actively seek the Democratic nomination. It is true that this news has been rumored for months. What is of note are the plans for cabinet appointments should the Lind-Zug candidacy succeed.

The planned cabinet: Secretary of State—Pete Hamill; Secretary of the Treasury—Paul O'Dwyer; Secretary of Health, Education and Welfare—Shelley Winters; Secretary of the Interior—Betty Friedan; Secretary of Commerce —Herbert Marcuse; Secretary of Defense—Bayard Rustin; Attorney General—William Kunstler; Secretary of Fair Weights, Measures and Unit Pricing—Bess Myerson; Secretary of Recycling—James Breslin.

The goals for this Brain Trust are also outlined in the Papers. They, along with a sampling of important confidential memos, are reproduced below.

The Goals:

1) Passage of "Homestead Act II." At the firing of a pistol in the South Bronx, on November 8, 1972, all property east of the Mississippi will be available for those who can physically evict and occupy.

2) The sale of the Louisiana Territory back to France for hard currency.

3) The orderly transfer of the American Armed Services to the United Nations (with the financing of the cost of Esperanto radio earplugs).

4) Replacement of dollars by food stamps and other coupons as directed by the Privy Council, which includes all appointees above and David Susskind.

5) The demobilization of the FBI.

6) Striking of a commemorative medal, and postage stamp, to honor the Canadian Draft-Dodger Heroes.

The following is a random series of memos between present officials of the City government.

12-30-65
To: Robert Wagner
From: JVL
Re: Subway Transit Negotiations
Dear Bob,
What is a turnstile?

Regards,
John

12-31-65
Response (Telegram)
Dear John,
A type of German pastry, I believe.

Evermore,
Bob

11-10-67
To: JVL
From: Bess Myerson Grant
Re: Radishes
Dear Mr. Mayor:
Besides having the price tag illegible, I found that only 15⅞ ounces of radishes were in my package when the General and I returned from our weekly shopping at Bohack. The sale specifically said "1 pound."

Yours truly,
Bess Myerson Grant

11-18-67
Response (Handwritten)
Dear Mrs. Grant:
Have you ever considered public service? Your recent letter indicates a rare grasp of consumerism. Too much cynical pap is displayed on this pivotal subject. Please return the enclosed application. It may be possible to induct you at our next commissioners' induction. It will take place at Sheep Meadow Sunday next. We are inducting 7,987 commissioners and deputies at 2 P.M.

6-9-71
To: Nelson A. Rockefeller,
Governor
From: JVL
Re: New York State Leadership
Dearest Nelson:
Your last campaign contribution just bounced. It took from 1965. Never again shall I cash a check at Chase Manhattan.

Very truly yours,
Mayor John V. Lindsay

6-10-71
Response (Over national television, reading a letter)
Dear John:
Thank you. My brother, David, also thanks you for saving him the embarrassment of having to refuse to cash a check drawn on the Office of Economic Opportunity. My brother asked me to inquire if you were the first Mayor so paid.

Your administration is, candidly, awful. You must cut some of the fat, not necessities like police, fire and sanitation services. I might suggest firing the 7,987 commissioners you installed that day in Sheep Meadow. You must realize, John, that no other city in the state, or world, for that matter, has a Municipal Band—all of whom are commissioners!

Love to all,

Sincerely,
NAR

The balance of the historical documents will soon be published in an eleven thousand page compendium, to sell for 75 cents. □

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PAPER TIGER WISE

Peking's Other Face

KARL BAARSLAG

THERE IS no question that Henry Kissinger's ingeniously contrived secret visit to Peking caught everyone by surprise. Actually Kissinger's trip was merely to firm up final agreements and arrangements. Nicolae Ceausescu, Secretary General of the Rumanian Communist Party, who recently returned from Peking, Hanoi and Moscow, apparently acted as middleman in the delicate diplomatic negotiations.

How Kissinger made his two-day visit to Peking is now known.

What the American public has not heard is just what Communist China was doing and saying during Kissinger's stay in Peking and the days immediately before and immediately thereafter. The following quotations are all from Peking broadcasts.

Two days before Kissinger deplaned at Peking the Chicoms welcomed a North Vietnamese economic delegation. Excerpts from Comrade I. Feng's welcoming speech:

> The Vietnamese people's war of resistance against U.S. aggression and for national salvation sets a brilliant example for the whole world of how a "weak nation can defeat a strong, and a small nation can defeat a big. . . ." [International service in English, July 7]

Had Henry Kissinger tuned his radio to Peking the day before he departed from Pakistan (and understood Korean) he would have heard the following broadcast entitled "Let us crush the counterrevolutionary collusion of the U.S. imperialists, Japanese reactionaries, and Pak Chong-hui puppet clique."

> Under the fascist rule of U.S. imperialism and the Pak Chong-hui (Chung Hee Park) clique, South Korea has been turned into a hell. By grasping control over South Korea's politics, economy, military, culture and other fields, U.S. imperialism has turned South Korea into its springboard for aggression in Asia. . . . The recent conference in Seoul between Agnew, Sato and Pak Chong-hui was held to establish as quickly as possible the U.S.-Japan-South Korea joint strategic system and to allow Japanese imperialism to openly step onto the road of military aggression. [Peking in Korean to Korea, July 8]

On the day Kissinger arrived in Peking, Fukien radio, in Mandarin Chinese, broadcast to Formosa and the offshore islands the following:

> U.S. imperialism, while launching a war of aggression against Korea 21 years ago, flagrantly occupied China's sacred territory, Taiwan Province, by armed force at the same time. This was an extremely barbarous act of encroachment upon China's sovereignty over her territories.

The broadcast then accused Mr. Kissinger's boss of carrying an "obstinate policy" against China and "blatantly ranting that he intends to continue to honor the treaty and defense commitments to the Chiang Kai-shek bandit gang."

Kissinger's smiling hosts failed to inform him that:

> The U.S.-Chiang reactionaries are placing Taiwan under their dark, fascist and sanguinary rule. As a result, fertile and beautiful Taiwan island has been turned into an inferno of hunger, destitution, terror and slaughter. The broad masses of our compatriots on Taiwan are living in an abyss of suffering. [However, the Taiwanese have] hearts filled with boundlessly ardent love for our great leader, Chairman Mao, and the great socialist motherland, and with immeasurable hatred for the U.S.-Chiang reactionaries . . .

On the day Kissinger left Peking, the Chinese radio reported that U.S. Defense Secretary Melvin Laird was in Japan for "conspiratorial activities." Laird was demanding greater Japanese military aid in pushing "U.S. imperialist aggression in Asia." Premier Sato and his government, Peking asserted, "cheerfully accepted Laird's proposal and expressed their willingness to serve U.S. imperialism." [Chinese Domestic service, July 11]

On the very day that Kissinger was closeted for hours with Chou En-lai, Peking exulted that the Vietcong and the people of the Tay Nguyen area had scored "great victories in the past six months." These "great victories" included the killing or wounding of over four hundred American soldiers and shooting down 144 aircraft. The liberation forces "also annihilated nearly fifteen hundred men of the enemy coercive forces and captured alive two hundred thugs and traitors, seriously frustrating the enemy's 'rural pacification' program." [Peking, in English, July 10]

Mr. Kissinger was not invited to a "grand banquet" held in Pyongyang, on the day he left Peking, to celebrate the tenth anniversary of the signing of the Korean-Chinese treaty of friendship, cooperation and mutual assistance, where he could have learned that "when U.S. imperialism unleashed a rabid war of aggression against the Korean people, our two peoples again supported and assisted each other, fought shoulder to shoulder and won the great victory of the war against U.S. aggression."

MR. KISSINGER, had he been there, would also have learned that:

> Should U.S. imperialism and Japanese militarism, blinded by their lust for gain, dare to launch again a war of aggression against the peoples of China, Korea and other Asian countries, they will surely eat the bitter fruit of their own making and suffer a more disastrous defeat. [Peking Service in English, July 11]

American news accounts after Mr. Kissinger returned to this country gave the impression that Nixon's envoy was in conference with Chou En-lai for nearly twenty hours. Busy as he must have been Chou nevertheless was able to take time out to greet a North Vietnamese delegation at the airport and deliver a speech of welcome on July 10.

The head of the Korean delegation, Kin Chung-nin warned that the Nixon Doctrine was nothing more than a "wild attempt" to revive Japanese militarism as a shock force to "to knock together the puppets and vassal states in Asia." All of which is nothing more than "a ferocious U.S. imperialist policy of aggression." Should U.S. imperialism and Japanese militarism launch any new adventurous war of aggression in disregard of the lessons of history, "they will perish in the flames kindled by themselves."

(*Continues on page 1007*)

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ALONG THE AVENUES

Corporate Gift Giving

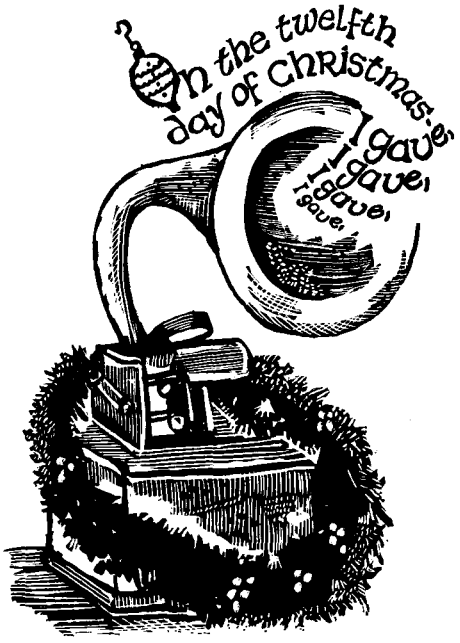
NIKA HAZELTON

CHRISTMAS is coming, the goose is getting fat/Please put a penny in a poor man's hat," says an old English rhyme. Translated into modern American, this means: Now is the time for all good men to consider corporate gift giving. Corporate gifts are an institution to promote good will among those we work with and, by golly, they do, they do, showing, on both sides, that human nature is not all that bad. Sensitive souls may shudder that a commercial note has crept into Christmas, but I've never known anyone to turn down a present because of sensitivity. So, let's see what nice things are available to those of us who want to show good will to others come Christmas. There is no limit on what you can spend on giving, but there is one on how much is tax deductible, about which more later. But before I tell you about the gifts, a few words on how to give.

Obviously, the recipients of corporate gifts are not personal friends or intimates. Nevertheless, any gift should be given as to a friend, chosen as to tastes or needs, delivered preferably at home, with a handwritten note or card. The selection of a gift should keep the family as a whole in mind whenever possible. Liquor, of course, is always welcome, but so are those super frozen steaks you can order by mail, or a membership in a fruit-of-the-month club which will provide gorgeous fruit for three or six or twelve months, or good wine or champagne or any delicacies one would not treat oneself to in the course of everyday life. I think private and corporate givers both underestimate the joy of edible presents (or drinkable ones). Many people have all the personal possessions they want, or if they don't, prefer to buy them themselves. (Have you ever liked a lampshade somebody gave you?) But luxurious edibles or potables, that's something else; you can always include gorgeous candy for the children.

All sorts of business firms advertise their corporate Christmas gifts, and the majority of their wares had better remain nameless. To escape spending one's money for trash, one should investigate the merchandise of such well-established, prestigious firms as Tiffany's and Cartier's, Jensen's and Mark Cross, Abercrombie & Fitch and Hammacher Schlemmer, and of course, all the good department stores: Bonwit Teller in New York, Nieman Marcus in Dallas, Magnin's on the West Coast, Hutzler's in Baltimore and Rich's in Atlanta and so on and on. You can't go wrong with what you buy in such reputable establishments, and it's always nice to receive a gift from a store with A NAME. I've looked at enough mail-order gift catalogs to marvel at the nerve of them all. The fact that you needn't spend a fortune at a place like Tiffany's and other first-class stores comes as a welcome revelation.

Tiffany's has a corporate gift section that will advise you with emphasis on



service and personal attention added to their never-failing devotion to that elusive quality, taste. Liquor decanter labels in sterling, in assorted shapes, are $10; unusual paper weights, $8; a glass martini pitcher and stirrer, $9; and a sterling silver replica of a "3-in-1" oil can for vermouth or talc etc. It is precise in detail, dispenses one drop at a time and the bottom pops with a sound just like the original, $19. And of course, there are the usual, popular key rings, spoons, pencils and whatnot in sterling. All this by way of an example of how well you can shop at our best stores; obviously, I can't even begin to give you an idea of the range of presents that are available.

At Cartier's, you can please a neat soul with a sterling silver-tipped clothes brush for $12, a sterling silver bud vase for romantics at $18, sterling key rings from $9 to $50 and, the thing I like enormously, a sterling silver woven basket for $25. Class, I calls it. Cartier, together with Mark Cross, Georg Jensen, Valentino and Kenneth Jay Lane, the fashion wizard, have joined to form the Kenton Collection, with a Corporate Gift Division located at 919 Third Avenue, where a huge room will be devoted to businessmen's gifts. There are four adjoining suites with gift counselors for individual attention. You can shop in person at the gift center or at the stores, or you can submit a list of names and desired price ranges and trust the staff to do the selecting and mailing.

FROM Jensen, happiness to the high-class tippler can come with a brandy glass and silver warmer for $10, or with a silverplated wine basket at $25. At Mark Cross, for the elegant toter, a marvelous large leather tote bag with nylon rope that no woman could resist for $25, and a calf zippered briefcase for the same price. And this I also think a very nice gift, a snakeskin covered accordion picture frame for twelve pictures at only $10.

Bonwit Teller has a clear plexiglass bowling ball-shaped ice bucket that will hold cubes up to eight hours for $27 and three man-catching assorted bowties for $25, as well as a charming denim-covered picnic basket in the shape, but not the size, of a seagoing trunk for a mere $17.50.

I have often thought that the most marvelous present fate could bestow on me would be to have the contents of the whole Abercrombie & Fitch catalog delivered to my house. It might be difficult to store them, and I might not be able to use all of the things, but the joy, oh the joy, of owning a Vecta RDF Direction Finder, for those lost at sea, weigh-

(Continues on page 1006)

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ERIK v. KUEHNELT-LEDDIHN

Letter from the Continent

THE ARAB WORLD IN TURMOIL

THE ARAB WORLD remains impenetrable to us. In spite of the fact that the West has had intimate contacts with it, that Arab learning, art and cultural values strongly influenced Europe in the Middle Ages, that scholars are studying Arab civilization, the Arabs remain a closed book to us. They function on another wave-length. Their logic is not ours.

The attempted assassination of King Hassan of Morocco and the bloodbath in the Sudan are two examples of the Arab quagmire. There are more. Iraq is seething with unrest and ready to explode any moment; King Hussein of Jordan is alternately signing and rescinding pacts with the Fedayeen, the various Palestinian guerrilla groups; small-scale civil wars are raging in Southern Arabia from Yemen to Oman; intrigues never cease in Syria; Ben Bella is still imprisoned in Algeria; former cabinet ministers are to be tried in Cairo; Libya's next moves are a matter of (pessimistic) speculation. Only Tunisia, Kuwait and Saudi Arabia—countries which have collaborated with the West—are, for the moment anyway, at peace.

Anyone knowing Arab history should expect this turmoil. Intrigues, civil wars, conspiracies, have been common in the Arab world for centuries. It would be unfair to put the blame for this solely on the Islamic faith, or the Arabic blood, or the southern climate, or the past colonial period. Certainly the early culture and civilization of the Arabs, their military prowess in the first centuries of their conquests had a brilliance which made medieval Christianity look pale in comparison. But with the dawning of the Renaissance the Arab world was eclipsed. The Christians developed technology, and the Turks enslaved the Arab world from within.

The Israelis are showing what is wrong with Arabs today. The Jews who immigrated to Palestine came from countries where they had lived in close contact with Christians; by now they are real "Westerners." The Israelis display the cohesion and solidarity that is lacking in the Arab world which feels itself challenged by Israel.

Whether these crises benefit Israel is a moot question. With each military defeat, the Arabs have become more determined to destroy Israel. The mounting dissent, the coups—whether successful or not—the mutual recriminations and insults all add to their shame and strengthen their will to defy Israel, to defy the world.

It could be argued that the Moslem faith is less emphatically ethical than the Christian faith, that it shows signs of a certain ethical laxness. Islam is a militant religion rather than a moralizing institution. Between a radical otherworldliness and fighting spirit on one side and morality on the other, there is a distinct possibility of conflict. While Western man is a synthesis of feudalism and "bourgeois" qualities, the Moslem is more a ritualist and warrior. Fanaticism makes him forget that the ends do not justify the means; sin does not play the same role in the Moslem's life as in ours and, consequently, neither does repentance.

ANOTHER PROBLEM has been the ascendancy of Christendom and the assimilation of Christian culture and civilization—without acceptance of Christianity itself. (This sort of dilemma has been solved in Japan through a progressive abandonment of the two main Japanese religions.) The Moslem world, however, is not at all willing to give up its faith. Yet European-American imports are incorporated: democracy and nightclubs, republicanism and photography, Marxism and whisky, technology and existentialism, the machine gun and Coca-Cola. But civilizations and their cultures are package deals and the attempted synthesis of Western goods with a Moslem faith has created enormous headaches. The problem of remaining yourself in a different garb is not easily solved, especially if you want to be modern and modern means alien.

This craving for "modernity," for "up-to-dateness" is behind much of the revolutionary spirit in matters political and social. The Arab monarchies fell not only because of Soviet intrigue (or, as probably in the case of Egypt, American encouragement), but also because democracy seemed more "progressive." Thus selfish-selfless, but "patriotic," officers expelled or massacred their kings. In this connection we must remember that, compared to ours, Islamic society is very egalitarian. In Europe the king was sacred in a way the sultan never was. An aristocracy in the Western sense never existed among the Arabs, nor a "church" with a hierarchy and titles. Except on the tribal level, there was never much respect for high birth or wealth, only for holiness, learning and old age. Thus specific leftist ideologies easily find acceptance, even if within a limited scope.

But this Moslem lack of respect leads to a lack of authority and, consequently, to the politics of naked power. The various Moroccan—Arab or Berber—dynasties all ruled with great brutality and benevolent monarchs were few. Naturally one or the other man might consider himself an instrument of Allah and strike against a ruler—just or unjust. Hence the duality of Kismet and almost neurotic effervescence. Oddly enough, Marxist doctrine also has this inbuilt duality: materialism combined with the belief that the inexorable march of history is on one's side.

Morocco, the Sudan and Jordan are now highlighting the current upheaval in the Moslem world—the desire to be progressive, yet remain Arab. As late as the nineteenth century the Sudan was the scene of religious ebullience—the rebellion of the Mahdi, the slaying of Gordon at Khartoum, and the ending, Kitchener's victory at Omdurman. Today, the upheaval is taking place under the watchful eyes of the tiny Israeli David and the close scrutiny of the alert Soviet juggernaut which has failed to score for the moment in Jordan, Morocco, Egypt and the Sudan—but will try again if given any opening. □

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FRANK S. MEYER

Principles and Heresies

DOWN THE PRIMROSE PATH

DRAMATIC events generally only punctuate and underline historic trends. They confirm rather than create the direction of development. So with Nixon's two recent démarches—toward the appeasement of Communist China and toward American economic isolation under a government-directed economy. These two events, which are much more closely interrelated than may appear at first sight, do not come out of the blue. They represent two aspects of the long developing American withdrawal from world leadership.

That leadership has been based on two principles, both of which are called into question by the recent actions of the Administration. The first has been the understanding that the Communist drive toward world domination threatens the survival of all free countries—not only the weaker among them, but in the long run the United States itself. The second principle has been the maintenance of our anti-Communist alliances throughout the world to resist the Communist advance.

The first of these principles has been being steadily undermined for some years now, and increasingly in recent months. The significance of the Peking trip becomes clear in the context of this trend. It is only a more dramatic instance in the continuing process. The withdrawal before the Communist advance has taken many forms. The rhetoric that accompanies it, with its bland ignoring of the continuing reality of armed Communism, is familiar: the substitution of an "era of negotiation" for an "era of confrontation." More concretely, we have seen the alarming decay of our nuclear deterrent in relation to the power of the Soviet Union, the unchallenged drive of the Soviet Union toward domination in the Mediterranean and the Indian Ocean, the pressure on West Germany to yield to Soviet blandishments, the commitment to the highly doubtful SALT talks, the expansion of trade with the Communist world.

And all of this is taking place while the Soviet Union not only fails to show any sign of relinquishing its fifty-year goals but is pressing its advance in Germany, in the Mideast, in the Indian subcontinent, simultaneously intensifying its armaments program with the transparent aim of achieving at the earliest possible moment decisive first-strike nuclear-missile capacity.

There are many sides of Nixon's new economic policy, but one result is strikingly clear. It is a vital blow against the second principle of our foreign policy over the past decades, our system of alliances. The effect of the program is disastrous for the economies of the Western European industrial countries and Japan. They depend upon foreign trade for their prosperity to a much greater degree than we do, to a degree essential to their economies. The combination of the tariff surcharge and the unilateral devaluation of the dollar strikes so hard at their economic well-being that it will undoubtedly be followed by countermeasures on their part: counterdevaluations, increases in tariffs, the establishment of quotas, exchange controls, export subsidies—all the elements of a trade war. It is questionable how well the structure of our alliances can survive such an eventuality, particularly following some years of the loosening of these ties caused by the patent decay of the American will to lead the resistance to Communism.

THE DECISION of the Nixon Administration, a decision which reflects years of unsound domestic economic policy, was to refuse the hard steps necessary to bring our internal inflation under control, attempting instead to export our crisis. World leadership implies responsibilities, one of which was to maintain the stability of the dollar as a foundation for the international economic stability on which the viability of our political and military alliances rests.

Of course Nixon is not solely responsible for the sickness of the dollar which has brought us to the present crisis or for the decay of the American will in world affairs. It may be that things have reached such a pass that the devaluation of the dollar could not be avoided. But his welfare policy and deficit financing certainly have done nothing to avert the situation; nor is his imposition of wage controls, with all their implications of a controlled economy and a controlled society, in any way excusable; nor has his foreign and defense policy done anything to strengthen the will to resist or to bring our armaments to a safe level.

FUNDAMENTALLY, however, although Nixon has done nothing to counteract it, the American withdrawal from reality is of longer standing and has deeper roots. Essentially it consists of an ostrichlike refusal to face the hard reality of a world containing the Communist threat to our survival, compounded by insistence upon an ever increasing scale of welfare and material comfort. The steps needed to maintain the necessary level of our armaments, like the steps needed to maintain the health of the dollar, were a sharp reduction in welfare programs of all types and, possibly, increased taxation. With these, a foreign policy and a defense policy that faced reality would have maintained a national will to resist, which has been rotted away by the rhetoric and actions of appeasement. The Vietnam war should have been declared and fought to win, with a full mobilization of the country. Our magnificent lunar space exploration should have been matched with an effort in the militarily decisive sphere of inner space, where the Soviets now hold a commanding lead.

The parallel between the course we are following and that which England has followed since World War II is sad to contemplate. Welfare and comfort, the decay of armaments, devaluation, withdrawal from a leading status in the world—all in one degree or another are here. But England followed this course safeguarded by the United States. If we continue on our present course, there is no greater power to shield us. The future, in the most literal sense, depends upon our recovery from the disease that grips us. □

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BOOKS

A Conservative Landmark

The Wisdom of Conservatism
Edited by Peter Witonski
Arlington House, four volumes,
2,396 pp., $40

M. STANTON EVANS

If to be anthologized is a sign of philosophic advance, then the conservative cause these days is very much in the ascendant. Scholarly interest in conservatism has seldom been more lively, with the result that editors and publishers have been energetic in bringing out collections of conservative writing, both contemporary and retrospective in character.

Now a rising young scholar has put together an immense anthology that surpasses all its predecessors in size and philosophic scope. *The Wisdom of Conservatism* consists of four thick volumes and some 2,400 pages which range across the centuries and which provide a variety of insights into the perennial questions of social philosophy and the practical issues of government. It is by far the most ambitious such project to date, and one which will reward many hours of careful reading. Witonski has given us a landmark document, essential to an appreciation not only of conservatism but of political thought in general.

Two features of this collection are especially noteworthy. The first is the amplitude with which Witonski has presented the work of conservative spokesmen who have been shunted aside by the prevailing conformity and are generally inaccessible to the modern reader. Prominent among these are Donoso-Cortes and de Maistre on the European continent, Coleridge and Stephens in England, Ames and Brownson in America. For the most part, these are advocates of religious and aristocratic conservatism, profoundly hostile to modern conceptions of plebiscitary democracy—which accounts for the sedulous neglect with which they have been treated.

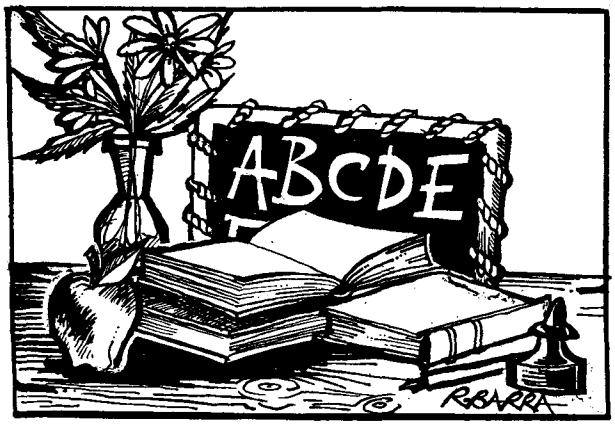
Nor is the significance of these writers exclusively or even chiefly antiquarian. Their exhortations against mass government, their mistrust of human nature cut off from traditional conceptions of authority, their abhorrence of the doctrines of progress and perfection unleashed by the Enlightenment—all these have been fully confirmed by the course of twentieth-century history. Their warnings may be read today with profit and instruction, and Prof. Witonski's anthology would be of enormous value if it did no more than place these forgotten stalwarts once more before the reading public.

This is not, however, the only merit of Witonski's collection. He has also been careful to bring forth those spokesmen within the broad tradition of Western conservatism who put major stress on the liberty of the person—Adam Smith, Bastiat, Sumner, Mises, Friedman. Also provided is a good representative sampling of major conservative voices in contemporary America, including Leo Strauss, Russell Kirk, James Burnham, Willmoore Kendall and numerous others. Witonski's selections provide an excellent overview of the traditionalist and libertarian strands in conservative philosophy and of the manner in which these divergent tendencies are expressed by modern writers.

Even more important, our editor is sensitive to the manner in which these emphases are met and reconciled in the work of those libertarian conservatives frequently called (or miscalled) fusionists. He provides generous selections from Tocqueville, Burckhardt and Acton in nineteenth-century Europe, Richard Weaver, Frank Meyer and William Buckley in contemporary America. Witonski is of the encouraging opinion that, despite the centrifugal tendencies of any political-philosophical movement, the "fusionist" position has triumphed as "the" conservative position, asserting that "the 'fusion' of the libertarian and traditionalist schools has become a *fait accompli* . . ."

The virtues of Prof. Witonski's work are so numerous that they cannot be encompassed in the confines of this review, and it is perhaps unkind in view of that limitation to enter a demurrer. But a few words should be said concerning a discrepancy that runs counter to the sense of balance so notable in the last two volumes. This is the inclusion of certain writers whose thought is difficult if not impossible to reconcile with conservative principle of either the religious-traditionalist or libertarian variety. I have in mind, particularly, the inclusion of Machiavelli, Hobbes, "divine right" monarchs and, most curious of all, Nietzsche.

Granted that one may find passages from such spokesmen which overlap



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conservative preoccupations, the theme which unites them is clearly hostile to Western conservatism. That theme is the idea of absolutist power, freed of higher moral check or effective practical restraint, and embodied in a ruler who is a law unto himself. The discerning reader will be prompted to wonder what these conceptions of limitless power have to do with the present-day conservatism Witonski's own collection has bodied forth so admirably. The subtle intellect may trace a plausible—one might even say inexorable—connection between a Donoso-Cortes and a Richard Weaver. But how do we get from Machiavelli to Madison, James I to Adams, or Hobbes to John Randolph —much less from Nietzsche to Milton Friedman? The answer, where key political conceptions are concerned, is that we don't.

THE POLITICAL genius of Western conservatism consists precisely in denying all forms of absolutism. The conservative idea, religious-traditionalist in origin, libertarian in application, is that all political power is subject to the measure of a higher law and that no political ruler can be "the law speaking." The conservative idea involves, not limitless authority, but constitutional restraints, checks upon the power of the secular state. Its progenitors are Bracton and Fortescue, not Machiavelli; Coke and Cotton, not James; Languet and Althusius, not Hobbes. Every institution which American conservatives are concerned to preserve is descended, not from the proponents of absolutism, but from their opposition.

Equally to the point, the theoreticians of limited government deserve the designation "conservative" in another sense as well. From their own point in time, what they were defending was old—was itself the traditional conception of government inherited from the Christian Middle Ages—and what they were opposing was a noxious innovation. In the English battle over divine right, it was Coke who was the traditionalist, looking back to Magna Carta even as our own forefathers looked back to Coke. It was James and such of his counselors as Bacon who were the advocates of post-Renaissance novelty—albeit a novelty fished up from the pagan depths.

The root of all this confusion, I think, is the failure to distinguish the fact that our conservatism is not simply the product of "tradition" per se—which may consist of anything, depending upon the point of departure—but of *a* tradition, the tradition which begins with the coming of Christianity and its radical departure from the conceptions of the state which prevailed in antiquity. Our liberty derives from the fact that, first in England and then more decisively in America, the Renaissance-modern attempt to revive the pagan idea of unlimited state power was beaten back in favor of the medieval insistence that such power must be bound by the higher law of God and the limits of a constitutional order.

I have no doubt devoted more space to these selections than is justified by their length in comparison to the rest of this fine anthology. I have done so only because the confusion which the reader may experience on this score could impede acceptance of what is otherwise a seminal work deserving the widest possible audience. □

Contra Marcuse
By Eliseo Vivas
Arlington, 236 pp., $8.95

THE GREAT REFUSAL

HIRAM CATON

I first encountered Herbert Marcuse at a lecture he gave in the days before his reputation reached much beyond the circle of philosophers. It was apparent at once that the occasion was special. All the senior professors had turned out, and a quarter of the audience was obliged to stand. The man was impressive. The proud bearing, the controlled voice with its knife-edge of contempt, and the condescending eye conspired to cloak him with the aura of invincibility that is the privilege of men conscious of their superior merit. I was quite prepared to believe that only the most precious wisdom could reside in a vessel that bore these outward marks of greatness. It was therefore a painful disappointment that the small rump of the lecture which was intelligible seemed preposterous. I concluded that its profundity had eluded my superficial understanding.

Professor Vivas' book will rescue those afflicted by a similar modesty, for he has shown that when one penetrates Marcuse's wayward Teutonic prose, he finds that the thought is preposterous in fact as well as appearance. This state of affairs presents a formidable rhetorical problem to the critic. How can he maintain respect for Marcuse's opinions without investing them with an unmerited dignity? What will reasoned argument avail against opinions whose cogency derives from vague longings? How can one remain dispassionate in the teeth of Marcuse's "defamations," without implying that they do not deserve scorn? Vivas has solved these problems in a brilliant manner, thanks no doubt to years of experience at stabilizing some modicum of fact and argument in minds sincerely committed to nonsense. He presents his case by alternating between surprise, irony, reproof, moral fervor, satire and confessions of ignorance that prove that the critic is free of the vices which objectivity obliges him to attribute to Marcuse.

Marcuse's roots are in Marx and Freud. The combination produces what he calls "negative thinking," which is, as it were, the Jewish dialectical antithesis of the Protestant homiletics of positive thinking. It amounts to a complete rejection of the social order of the affluent society, excluding the wealth, honors and liberty that Marcuse enjoys while he bites the hand of hospitality. Marx claimed that the exploitation of the poor by the rich was ultimately a function of natural scarcity, and that the workers were "dehumanized" by the abjectness of their condition. The advent of the affluent capitalist society, however, compels a revision of these notions. The object of the wealthy is not the accumulation of capital, but optimum production. The recipients of the benefits of production, the former poor, are dehumanized by the enticements of consumption that "coerce" them into contentment.

Seduced into happiness by false needs and pleasures, modern man is alienated from his true nature, and in the most extreme way, for he no longer desires a qualitatively different life: he is consciously antirevolutionary. Since this unhappy eventuality cannot be accommodated by Marxist theory, Marcuse conjures up the shade of Freud in order to find a concept of humanity that is incompatible with bourgeois society. True humanity lies in the development of man's erotic nature, which civilization necessarily represses. The revolution now assumes a new goal. Civiliza-

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RANDOM NOTES

■ OUT THIS MONTH: What ever became of Martin Bormann? Edwin P. Hoyt offers an answer in *The Ghost Lane* (Luce, $6.95). . . . Ronald W. Clark out with a big bio of *Einstein* (World, $15). . . . *Fragments of My Fleece* is a collection of Dean Acheson's speeches and shorter writings (Norton, $6.95). Also from Norton, *Milestones of History* offers a hundred essays on as many milestones, 1,500 illustrations, and a host of editors including Hugh Thomas and Christopher Hibbert ($10).

The Waste Land now appears in a facsimile edition that includes original drafts and notes made on the manuscript by Pound, Eliot and Eliot's first wife (Harcourt, $22.50; limited edition, $50). . . . Donald Barr, beleaguered headmaster who is trying to turn New York's Dalton School away from educational licentiousness, gives his views in *Who Pushed Humpty Dumpty?* (Atheneum, $10). From the same publisher, *Kennedy Justice* is a survey of Bobby's years as Attorney General, but satirist Victor Navasky doesn't mean the title to be funny ($10).

Terence McLaughlin is probably resigned to finding his *Dirt* among the porn titles but Stein & Day describes it as "a history of the Western world as seen through the uses and abuses of dirt." We hope the author hasn't scanted mud and dust ($6.95). . . . Arnold Gingrich looks back fondly on his *Early Days at Esquire* (Crown, $6.95). . . . Who else but Earl Warren would have the chutzpah to call his book *"A Republic . . . If You Can Keep It"* (Quadrangle, $4.95)?

Revolution in Chile? is by President Salvador Allende and Régis Debray, and we can't for the life of us guess why they put it as a question (Pantheon, $5.95; Vintage paperback, $1.95). . . . Bernard Malamud's new novel, *The Tenants*, is about racial trouble (Farrar, $6.95). The same publisher unveils a selection of Wilfrid Sheed's pieces, *The Morning After*, with an introduction by John Leonard ($7.95).

Edith Efron documents her thesis that *Network News Is Biased*, if you ever doubted it (Nash, $7.95). . . . *Washington Post*man Merlo J. Pusey laments the spectacle of *The U.S.A. Astride the Globe* (Houghton, $5.95). . . . Shirley Ann Grau's first novel in seven years, *The Condor Passes*, is about a rich Louisiana family whose ninety-year-old patriarch comes home to die (Knopf, $7.95). And also from the same publisher comes B. F. Skinner's *Beyond Freedom and Dignity* ($6.95).

Atlantic Brief Lives: A Biographical Companion to the Arts includes one thousand biographical sketches and over two hundred critical essays by Jacques Barzun, Paul Horgan and such (Little, Brown; $12.50 pre-pub, then $15).

tion must be smashed in order to free man from the tyranny of the genital. The future man will become as a child again. Freed from work by technology, he will disport himself in "play and display." There you have the spirit of the new revolutionary doctrine of "Love or Else."

Vivas ministers to this utopian distemper from a variety of angles. He points out the colossal arrogance, abstractness and moral coarseness of a concept of humanity that renders us one and all, saint and sinner, "inhuman" in virtue of our social circumstances. This error is endemic to all Marxist thought, which prides itself on a tough-minded, realistic attitude toward morality; historically, it has supported and continues to support brutalities committed in the name of humanity. Vivas' critique of the re-eroticized man as a phantasm wholly unsupportable on the available evidence is also convincing. Finally, the explanation of how this irresponsible and self-indulgent chiliasm has taken such a firm grip on Marcuse and the youth is outstanding.

I think he is quite right to diagnose Marcuse's universal hatred as the expression of a deep-seated envy: if the world will not recognize him as God, then he will destroy the world. It is an old story. But the widespread discontent of the youth has another cause. Vivas lays it at the door of academic liberalism, which has imparted "to them, in the name of enlightenment, the belief that our civilization is worthless." In its prideful contempt for the "crass materialism" of the gray flannel suit and suburban selfishness, academics have for generations peddled a materialism of the future that is faultless because, being purely imaginary, it may be endowed with all perfections.

BUT WHO educated the educators to think this way? Perhaps they only express an exaggerated form of the moral ideal inherent in liberal democracy. Tocqueville already emphasized that permanent dissatisfaction with the present was the mainspring of the drive toward improvement and progress. The academic mind, dissatisfied with the imperfections of the immediate goals of practical men, seeks a goal that realizes all the ideals of progressive democracy. The real power of negative thinking is its positivity toward this future. It directs the moral aspirations of the youth toward a utopia that fulfills all wishes. Consequently, opposition to these chiliastic phantasms appears to be opposition to the progress of the moral ideal —it is "negative" and "pessimistic." A moral cure for these utopian fevers, to which even politicians now cater, is urgently needed. Professor Vivas earns our gratitude for his contribution. □

In Red and Black: Marxian Explorations in Southern and Afro-American History
By Eugene D. Genovese
Pantheon, 435 pp., $10

BLACK STUDIES WITH A DIFFERENCE

DAVID BRUDNOY

Lest by my enthusiasm I contribute to legitimizing Eugene Genovese's unsought role as *NR*'s House Leftist (or Token Marxist, if you like), which his fifteenth anniversary issue appearance seemed to imply, I should note right now that no one will ever housebreak, keep, or—thank God—tame him. If the enemy of our enemy is our friend, then he is surely our friend, since the madmen of the Left loathe him with a passion matched only by his scorn for them; more on that later. In this book, Professor Genovese's meticulous scholarship and clarity of exposition (to quote him in generous praise of another academician) are readily apparent, as is his emerging stature as one of the finest younger historians of America.

The paradox of the South, constant fascination of slavery, emergence of the Negro as a focus of serious study, vicissitudes of Marxian scholarship—all receive ample investigation in this score of his essays written during the past five years. If Dr. Genovese is almost boringly insistent on his dreary Marxist "class" interpretation of everything in sight, it is a small price to pay for the humanism, sophistication, devastating razor-slicing annihilation of

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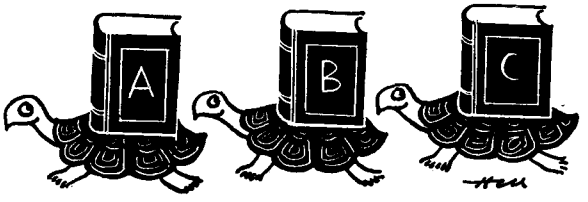
his hopeless antagonists coupled with a refreshing gentleness toward those of his predecessors and contemporaries in whom he can find even a shred of worth and, what's best, the good many genuinely original thoughts which he brings to these essays.

Historians will recognize several familiar pieces in this book, from scholarly journals and that radical-chic ragpaper biweekly with the endless review articles, and will be delighted by the quality of the whole. Laymen will be rewarded with studies that both introduce them to recent developments in historiography and neatly review the enduring controversies. Professor Genovese's critique of the Stanley Elkins Sambo theory of slavery, for example, is unmatched in our literature in the twelve years since the appearance of Professor Elkins' remarkable, controversial *Slavery: A Problem in American Institutional and Intellectual Life.*

While this 1966 essay is exciting, rigorously documented, charmingly written, a paradigm Genovese piece that does not depend on a rigid Marxist perspective, each of the succeeding essays also merits attention. "Revisionism" is so tired and ultimately meaningless a word that I hesitate to use it here; what he does in page after page of *In Red and Black* is cut through the rigmarole and myth surrounding



Southern history in its many facets, offering instead sharp, bright insights untainted either by cant or novelty for novelty's sake.

In passing, Dr. Genovese offers the sorts of judgments on contemporary themes which infuse his historical scholarship with some of its bite. "Advocates of the philosophy of burn-baby-burn," he wrote in 1970, "whether on a Mississippi plantation in the 1850s, or in a Northern ghetto in the 1970s, must surely know that, of necessity, it is the blacks who usually get burned most severely." While my dippy-gaga leftist students in Negro history were lovingly salivating on the pages of *The Wretched of the Earth*, Dr. Genovese had already written (1966) of that book, "Frantz Fanon's psychopathic panegyric to violence." While the Professional Semites of Fun City were sniffing out the "antisemitism" in Mr. Hoving's disastrous "Harlem on My Mind" show at the Metropolitan Museum in 1969, Dr. Genovese was instead smoothly and far more convincingly doing in the "St. Grotlesex paternalism" at work there.

While every aggrieved *nouvelle vague* negrophile (of whatever hue) was matching the idiotic Communist Herbert Aptheker in excoriating William Styron for the "racism" of his *Confessions of Nat Turner*, Genovese was taking his, well, usually perverse and usually correct tack: excoriating the excoriators. Whether restoring the fallen reputation of the racialistic U. B. Phillips, or deftly showing how Staughton Lynd's ideological fixations hamper his scholarship, or shedding light on some fundamental aspect of our history, Eugene Genovese is consistently enlightening.

What's more, he has chosen to eschew all easy slaps at conservatives (his brief put-down of Lynd's misunderstanding of the conservative position on property rights and human rights is better than most on the Right can muster) and to begin his book with a long essay devoted to meeting and refuting the inanities of the nihilists comprising the so-called New Left. His defense of the scholar's duty and right to be a scholar, not a second-rate activist, is irrefutable. With the sole and deeply disturbing exception of the totalitarians fighting America in Indochina, Dr. Genovese is implacably opposed to all forms of totalitarianism.

Though I greatly regret his stand on the Vietnam war, and am in fact shocked by some of its expression elsewhere, I see this introductory essay in a context that will be important even when this war is over. "The duty of the socialist historian," Dr. Genovese writes, and we might substitute any other word for socialist, "is, first and foremost, to develop himself into as good a historian as his talent and circumstances permit and thereby to defend and enrich the historically developed values of humanity by revealing, with increasing precision, the story of man's struggle to conquer both himself and nature." □

Come Blow Your Mind with Me
By Andrew M. Greeley
Doubleday, 236 pp., $5.95

WHIFF OF OXYGEN

SHELDON M. SMITH

The real difficulty is in getting people to recognize what is going on. The typical Christian layman understands that there are strange things abroad but they haven't happened to him. So he remains, warm and secure in his ecclesiastical igloo, until that fateful Sunday morning when his parson-pastor-father-rector announces that, after a week of sensitivity training, he finally understands (at the age of fifty) what freedom really is.

And, in these days, no church is immune. Clear up one point. Is it proper for an Anglican to deal with a book that is primarily about the Roman Catholic Church? The answer must be yes, on two counts. First of all, those Christians who are striving to maintain traditional orthodoxy have discovered, in recent years, that there is often more support across denominational lines than within them. The second reason is quite simple: whatever lunacies pop up in one denomination will show up, across the theological spectrum, at bullet pace. (How would *you* like Communion, given your choice of wafers flavored in mint, orange or strawberry? That was offered at an Episcopalian conference center in recent weeks.)

So, EVERY TIME doom seems to be around the corner, it is refreshing to have Andrew Greeley pop up. Father Greeley is a rather distinguished sociologist at the University of Chicago. A couple of years ago, when highly placed theologues were breathlessly predicting the demise of the local parish, he wrote *Religion in the Year 2000*, giving a rather thorough statistical analysis of how religion in the year 2000 would be much the same as it is now. When asked to contribute to that Holy Cross issue on the Berrigans, he did: he also stated precisely at what points he thought the Berrigans were out of true. He then had the audacity to forbid the republication of his essay in that bit of

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paperback gunk (*The Berrigans*), which now graces your drugstore's book rack. And now, he has done it again: he has surveyed the New Life Christians and applied the brakes. *Come Blow Your Mind with Me* is like a shot of pure oxygen. It produces sobriety and hilarity at the same time.

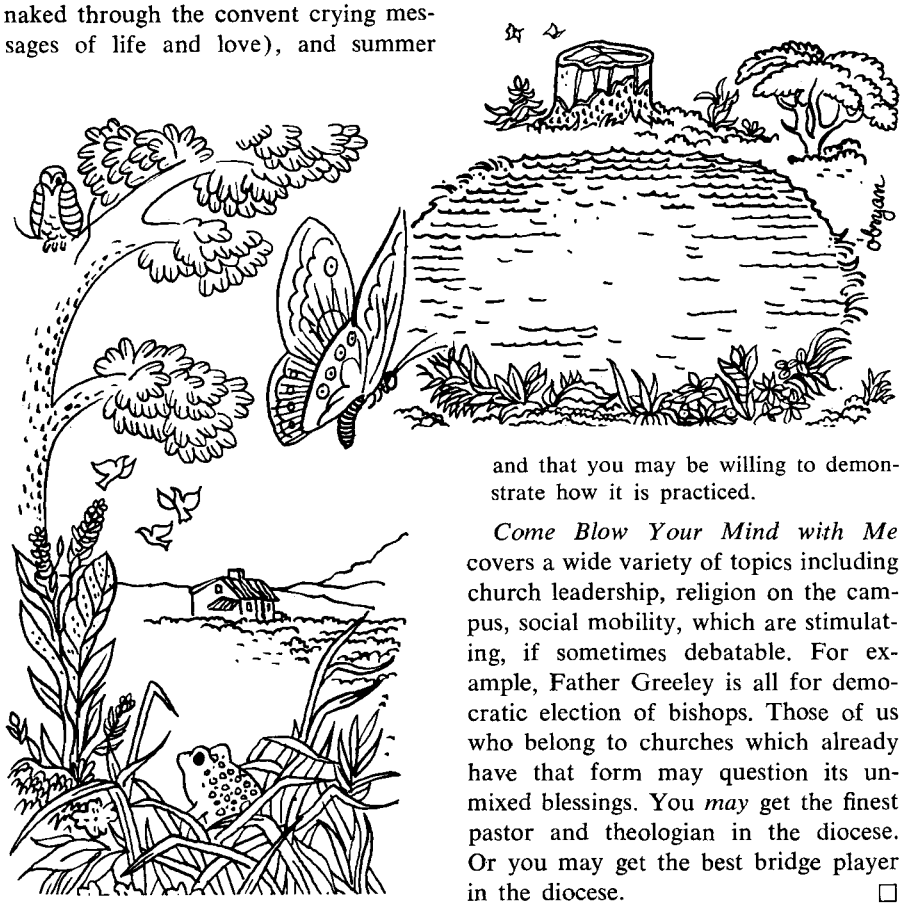
IT WOULD BE wrong to enlist Father Greeley in the conservative cause. He is a free agent, and in some areas definitely a liberal. But he represents a point of view that is, too slowly, emerging. It is the point of view of decency and honesty. It says that if you have taken certain vows, you should live up to those vows. Or if, being human and sinful, you cannot live up to those vows you should confess them to God as your fault. It resents the current attitude of suddenly discovering carnality and hailing it as a virtue.

Father Greeley's opening chapter is as fine a piece of invective as has been written in recent years as he applies his scalpel (in a rather dizzying fashion) to the "pot mass" (at which marijuana is passed around after the homily), the results of sensitivity training (after which nuns have been known to emulate the gymnosophists of India, racing naked through the convent crying messages of life and love), and summer camps for priests and nuns which begin with POW, which you discover means "Pairing Off Week." And he is bang-on-target in seeing the true menace behind many of the current approaches:

> Have we learned in fact that brainwash is brainwash whether you call it brainwash or whether you call it participatory democracy or a cursillo? Have we learned that tyranny is tyranny even if it is called freedom.

He is on target because it is the "new tyranny" which confronts organized Christianity throughout the country. It is getting to the point that you are lucky if you can get through a building and grounds committee meeting without some "T-group" expert showing up or being abused by a motley troupe of youth demanding abortion reform. And he is equally to the point in proposing the solution:

> If you are a plain Catholic layman and someone tries to disrupt your particular group with comments such as, "I hear you saying," or "I don't think you're being completely open and honest," or "I think there are some feelings here that we ought to get out into the open," then discreetly observe that the real problem may be that there is not enough insensitivity in the Church and that you may be willing to demonstrate how it is practiced.



Come Blow Your Mind with Me covers a wide variety of topics including church leadership, religion on the campus, social mobility, which are stimulating, if sometimes debatable. For example, Father Greeley is all for democratic election of bishops. Those of us who belong to churches which already have that form may question its unmixed blessings. You *may* get the finest pastor and theologian in the diocese. Or you may get the best bridge player in the diocese. □

The War of American Independence
By Don Higginbotham
Macmillan, 509 pp., $12.95
The War for the Union: The Organized War 1863-1864
By Allan Nevins
Scribners, 531 pp., $15

GOOD NEWS, BAD NEWS

ARAM BAKSHIAN JR.

The beauty of the American Revolution was that it never really happened. A small-scale independence struggle was fought, a few years were spent puttering about with unsuccessful forms of government, and a durable Constitution was adopted. The dislocation of the war led to some switches in the leadership elite; spreading frontiers and an expanding economy gave ambitious elements of the population widening outlets and a gradually extended franchise; but, there was no revolution in the ugly sense of the word—no reign of terror and no grim metamorphosis from parlor democracy to mob rule to despotism.

The tragedy of the Civil War was that it never stopped. The regional, racial and constitutional problems it was fought over remain unsettled today. They are as real and immediate as Watts, Wallace and the struggle between state and local government on one hand, and federal absolutism on the other.

The Revolutionary War settled matters before it could get out of hand; the Civil War got out of hand before it could settle matters. All of which makes both struggles interesting, if contrasting, reading.

Professor Higginbotham's study ot the Revolutionary War sheds fresh light on the old controversy of militia versus regulars, without maligning either arm. The purpose of his work is not to narrate the chain of battles, marches and sieges that was the war, but to examine, as his subtitle states, "Military Attitudes, Policies and Practice, 1763-1789." He does so admirably.

The late Allan Nevins, a Pulitzer Prize winner and long-time DeWitt Clinton Professor of American History at Columbia, had a wider aim. His latest volume on the Civil War is his seventh,

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and the cycle will be completed shortly with publication of the eighth and final volume. Nevins probably wanted to write *the* exhaustive history of the War between the States. He at least succeeded in making it exhausting, and, if his conclusions are not always correct, his generosity with statistics and quoted primary sources gives the reader a basis for forming an intelligent rebuttal. The strongest impression on reading *The War for the Union* is one of good journalism rather than good history. One is reminded of the flood of multivolumed "histories" of the Great War that inundated the market during the Twenties and Thirties—massive treatments, as imposingly broad as they were shallow. History might have been better served by as many volumes on different aspects of the war (e.g., naval, economic, diplomatic etc.) than by eight chronological tomes à la World Almanac.

Yet even within the framework of a broad general history, Nevins does give us some good specific insights. In the present volume, he devotes considerable space to the plight of the thousands of contraband Negroes who were carted about like so much unsalable war booty until their emancipation and who were, for the most part, considered a nuisance or worse by Northern statesmen. To read Nevins' description of the influx of displaced blacks into Washington, D.C. during the Civil War is to recognize the genesis of the modern American "ghetto"—especially if one happens to be a present-day Washingtonian.

Professor Higginbotham's treatment of Negro participation in the War for Independence is more sketchy. One senses a hasty, time-serving touch. The outstanding and shamelessly unrewarded service of Negro regulars in the Revolution, notably a splendid Rhode Island unit, is implied but not developed. What one does sense, especially reading the Civil War account side-by-side, is the sad fact that slavery was not so deeply rooted at the time of the Revolution that, given several crucial "ifs," it might not have been peacefully phased out by the Founding Fathers (Mr. Jefferson, sir, you have muffed your priorities, sir). Another interesting parallel theme is the difficulties of two wartime leaders, Washington and Lincoln, in their dealings with the legislature. In both cases, the problems were real, but Washington's lot was assuredly harder, Mr. Nevins' assertions notwithstanding. For one thing, Washington, a declared rebel, had a price on his head and no tradition of loyalty to the commander in chief to invoke. For another,

the resources of both Washington and the Continental Congress were woefully inadequate. There was no effective national revenue at the outset of the Revolution nor was a really satisfactory one ever devised. The same cannot be said for Lincoln, who inherited a real (albeit divided) nation along with the nucleus of a professional army, officer corps and civil service, and a tremendous economic and industrial superiority.

All Washington had was paper money, a few friendly financiers and massive subsidies from France, the center of absolutism in Western Europe but, conveniently for the rebelling colonies, a sworn enemy of Britain, spoiling for a chance to avenge the humiliations of the Seven Years War—early vintage *revanchisme* at its strongest. Washington was also called on to demonstrate character of a higher order than Lincoln's. Though born with a short fuse, he swallowed more snubs and tolerated more vicious personal vendettas than the canny politician from Illinois. And he bore this great burden in a war that was much less of his own making than the Civil War was Lincoln's.

Therein, perhaps, lie both Washington's greatness *and* his lack of appeal to the more zealous modern historians. The gentleman from Virginia was no stormy petrel. Nor did he cultivate the false front of folksiness and self-deprecation so richly tapped by Lincoln. He was one of a number of sensible, sometimes inspired men of integrity who rescued the American Revolution from the revolutionaries—incendiaries and egomaniacs like Samuel Adams and John Hancock, who fomented the war and left others to do the fighting. With such men at the helm, eighteenth-century America proved a new haven for what was essentially an old set of ideals —ideals of individual rights and free expression that were developed in the old world, but could only thrive in virgin soil unspoiled by centuries of lost illusions and grinding injustice. □

BOOKS IN BRIEF

AMERICA ON TRIAL: *The War for Vietnam, by Gen. Thomas A. Lane (Arlington, 297 pp., $7.95).* Sift through the rather inferior rhetoric of General Lane's new book and you will find some interesting documentation and background on the Vietnam imbroglio (much good it will do you this late in the game). The worthy General, a sometime newspaper columnist and conservative of impeccable credentials, has assembled what looks suspiciously like an accumulation of unused notes, old clippings and extracted testimony, without benefit of index. It is filled with familiar cold war jargon and assumptions, but, then, that is only fair, since the cold war is still with us too. Unfortunately, General Lane is not all that much of a writer, for the story he tells is an important one. Some of the evidence he marshals is impressive, and the series of criminal blunders he chronicles deserves remembering, if only to be avoided in the future. As the war winds down for America, the whole story begins to take on a ghostly haze. Spirits appear on stage reminding other spirits of lost opportunities (e.g., the late Senator Dodd, telling the Senate in 1965 that the late President Diem had told *him* in 1961 that the way to knock out the enemy was to hit Tchepone in Laos—a piece of advice finally followed during the recent Laotian incursion which Dodd, at least, lived to see). Interestingly, while General Lane, who is no fan of Richard Nixon, expresses grave misgivings about Vietnamization, the brief foreword by General Wedemeyer says that it "gives promise of an honorable solution in the American tradition." Alas, it seems that no one marches in locked formation these days—not even regulation model hawks.

A. BAKSHIAN

THE ADMINISTRATIVE REVOLUTION, *by George E. Berkley (Prentice-Hall, 181 pp., $5.95 cloth; $2.45 paper).* Rather confidently subtitled "Notes on the Passing of Organization Man," this engaging little book, by a political scientist who was formerly chairman of the Boston Finance Commission, should bring some joy to those who feel strangled by bureaucracy. Employing data from Europe, Japan, Israel and elsewhere, as well as a wealth of material from America, Professor Berkley shows less that organization man is on his way out than that his role is rapidly altering, in ways some of which were unimagined even a few years back. Berkley is urbane and exceedingly good-natured about these alterations; obviously his experiences in the "workaday world," as the president of his university puts it, disabused him of whatever fantasies he might once have entertained about bureaucracy

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as the salvation of mankind. Although the author is obviously in favor of changes in administrative structures, both governmental and private, which lead to more diversification in decision-making, he evinces little of the "power to the people" rubbish so popular at present. Berkley holds no brief either for centralization or decentralization per se, but suggests rather that according to the circumstances, one or the other can be advantageous both for the organization and its personnel. His framework, I believe, is Tocquevillian; that is, pro centralized-government but anti centralized-administration. As a happy bonus, this deceptively modest book deftly beheads some of the more demonological notions of Vance Packard and J. Kenneth Galbraith. Professor Berkley's breadth of learning is refreshing—especially for a political scientist. Dear to my heart is his use of a precept from the Chinese sage Lao Tzu: "When the best leader's work is done, the people say 'we did it ourselves.'" Berkley concludes with a sensible chapter on the quest for community, showing some of the ways in which changes in modern life have necessitated a newer conception of community. D. J. C. BRUDNOY

RACIAL INFLUENCE ON AMERICAN FOREIGN POLICY, *edited by George W. Shepherd Jr. (Basic Books, 238 pp., $6.95).* Most of the contributors to this volume are seized by the famous dictum of W. E. B. DuBois: "The problem of the twentieth century is the problem of the color-line—the relation of the darker to the lighter races of men in Asia and Africa, in America and the islands of the sea." Their intense emotional commitment to this proposition blots out all other considerations—clash of cultures, class conflict, ideological struggles, human history and experience—that reveal the oversimplification. Chinese feelings of superiority to every other group—yellow, brown, black and white—are well documented and constitute a sizable flaw in their hypothesis. Malay/Chinese, Arab/Israeli, Nigerian/Biafran, Pakistani/Indian, Irish Catholic/Protestant, Communist/non-Communist frictions, to mention a few major sources of conflict, are not problems of color. The only substantial contribution in this series of essays is made by Professor Robert A. Scalapino of Berkeley, who addresses himself primarily to the Far East and attempts to assess objectively how much prejudice of what kind exists where and when; he also shows that stereotypical views are not unchanging, but are affected by circumstances and experience. The black/white problem in the United States is, of course, real, but most of these authors abandon the tools of scholarship in attempting to show how it affects American foreign policy, or to what degree. They simply assert the identification of all blacks with all people of color anywhere, and in their distorted perspective they see South Africa as Problem Number One of the universe. E. B. MEYER

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PLACES

PATRICIA BROOKS

The Pilgrims' Trail

Perhaps one reason that parts of Spain still remain "unspoiled" is that Spaniards are not all that anxious to turn their country over to tourists. They have seen how Teutonized and Anglicized the Mediterranean coast has become, but then they never cared that deeply about the south. It is Galicia they *really* love, and the fewer foreigners who discover it, the better.

Galicia is the northwest province, bordering the Atlantic, beautiful in summer along the lazy sunny coves and inlets, but vibrantly green and mild, dotted with vineyards and scenic valleys year round—an emerald crown on Spain's tawny, craggy countenance. Visitors see a resemblance to Ireland in the rosy-cheeked, gay-hearted Galicians.

Prime jewel in the Galician crown is Santiago de Compostela, a magnificent medieval city that remains pretty much as it was in its days of glory. In times past, Santiago rivaled Rome and Jerusalem as a magnet for religious pilgrims. They were drawn there by the fabled shrine of St. James the Apostle, whose legends and miracles spread throughout the Christian world.

At one time or another, Charlemagne, El Cid, King Louis VII of France, James III of Scotland and St. Francis of Assisi were among the notables who made the long pilgrimage. In any given period from the eleventh through fifteenth centuries, a list of pilgrims to Santiago read like a Who's Who of the times. Kings, priests, nobles, scholars crowded the pilgrimage roads, along with beggars, penitents and common folk.

What might well be the world's first travel guide—by Aymery de Picaud, a French priest—was written in 1130 to help pilgrims find their way to Santiago. In a peak year half a million travelers made the back-breaking trek to Santiago from various parts of Europe.

It was no packaged Cook's tour. Most pilgrims began the Jacobean Route in France. From the Pyrenees to Santiago was a tortuous five-hundred-mile journey in itself, a trip fraught with dangers—from brigands, inclement weather, choleric rivers, overcrowded inns and inadequate food. But for those who completed the pilgrimage, the hardships were not in vain. The first member of a group of travelers to sight Santiago's famed cathedral towers over the tip of the last hillside shouted, following the custom, "Mon Joie!—I am King!" This entitled him to leadership of his group, which according to legend, is why there are so many family names in various nationalities meaning "king"—Rex, Leroy, Reyes, König.

Santiago's rise to fame began in the ninth century when the body of St. James was miraculously discovered nearby. This news and a later vision of the Saint in a battle between Christians and Muslims promptly became a portent which led the Christians to a more vigorous effort to expel the Moors from that part of Spain.

The main church at Santiago (whose name comes from the Spanish for St. James—Santo Iago) flowered into a magnificent cathedral, with flourishes and embellishments added for centuries. Other churches, palaces, convents mushroomed around it. The end result was a city that embodied the grandeur and artistry of medieval life at its most beautiful. And so, happily for the visitor, it remains today.

Orange tiled rooftops, golden sandstone buildings along every tiny cobbled lane, enchanting churches of the eleventh or twelfth centuries tucked into narrow streets, all create an ambience of another time. At the city's heart is the towering cathedral, gloriously ornate, set off by plazas on four sides. Nearby is the extraordinary Hostal de los Reyes Católicos, famous throughout sixteenth-century Europe as a medical center, now a superb luxurious hotel, which makes pilgriming today a different sport indeed.

Today's pilgrims, intent on visiting Santiago, have numerous choices of routes. If you're rushed, there is always a fast plane from Madrid, Barcelona or San Sebastian. The idyllic way is to abandon yourself to a leisurely medieval mood and amble from Orleans or Arles along one of the celebrated Jacobean routes. A good compromise is to fly from Madrid or wherever to Pamplona, rent a car and pick up the *Camino a Santiago* there. This road leads through villages that time has bypassed, through a stark Navarre landscape that gentles as the mountains turn green in Galicia. (There is some irony in the fact that the movie *Cromwell* was filmed near Pamplona along this old religious route.) There are frequent surprises: castles looming on distant hillsides, a crumbling monastery whose entrance gate now forms the main portal of the road through a small town, small churches that are pure Romanesque gems, hamlets where a herd of sheep crossing the road serves as a spontaneous stoplight.

Noteworthy among the many treasure towns along the way are Fromista, an architectural delight; Estella with a plethora of Romanesque churches, palace and a Renaissance town hall; and Santo Domingo de la Calzada, renowned in pilgrim days for its miracles, today for its handsome cathedral and government-run inn (*parador*), an authentically restored six hundred-year-old monastery that welcomed weary wanderers, as it *still* does, though rather more grandly today.

In Burgos and León, the two major cities along the Jacobean Route, are innumerable attractions. The Burgos cathedral is a Gothic splendor, as is León's but León as a city emanates, at least to me, far greater charm. Eclectic, it can't seem to make up its mind whether to be French or Spanish, and is thus a marvelous blend of both. The trip from Pamplona to Santiago can take two days or two weeks, depending on one's schedule and proclivity for stopping at the many irresistible shrines or monuments along the way. Santiago itself needs several days at least for savoring.

This is an especially golden year to visit. Designated by papal decree a

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Jubilee Year (when St. James' birthday occurs on a Sunday, thus every eleventh, sixth, fifth and sixth year in that sequence), this means for the visitor, religious or not, a number of special and sometimes spectacular events. The massive Holy Door of the cathedral was officially opened with great pomp at the end of 1970 and will be closed with elaborate ceremony this coming December 31st. Between now and then all the villages of Galicia and the *Camino a Santiago* use the Jubilee as an excuse for an endless round of fiestas and galas.

In medieval times, the hardy souls who made the exhausting trip to Santiago were entitled to wear St. James' symbol, a cockle shell, to decorate their pilgrim capes or hats—rather like a Muslim adding Hajj to his name after an arduous visit to Mecca. The cockle shell (whence the delicious coquille St. Jacques) is still Santiago's symbol. But it isn't necessary to buy a silver shell in one of the arcade souvenir shops to remember your visit to Santiago. Its beauty and eloquence will haunt the rest of your life. □

OBSESSIONS

RUTH BERENSON

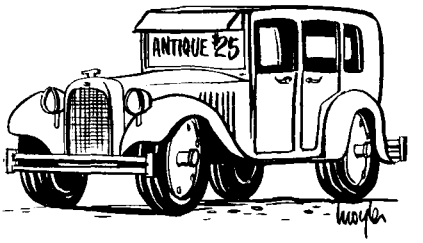
Rummaging

The archaeologist sifting tons of earth in hopes of discovering a lost finger of the Aphrodite of Cnidos, the skindiver risking his lungs in a search for pirate gold off the Bermuda coast, the little boy prayerfully digging for arrowheads in New York's garbage-strewn Inwood Park, the staid married couple plying a gleaming station wagon from one Olde Antique Shoppe to another—all have in common the urge to "pick up" for little or nothing something worth—well, a lot more. And while most of us can't dig in Samothrace, or swim well enough to dive for pieces of eight, or wouldn't know an Indian arrowhead if we sat on one, nearly all of us red-blooded American adults, male and female, can and do go antiquing on the perfectly valid assumption that "you never can tell, it might be worth a lot of money," and anyway, "it will look great on the mantle." Antiquing probably ranks with baseball as America's favorite outdoor sport.

At this point I must confess that my husband and I are afflicted with a virulent case of antiquitis. Our excuse is that he collects tobacco pipes, but even if he didn't, the sign Antiques, especially if hand-lettered, reacts on us as catnip to a cat; we simply have to stop and look even when we're stone broke, hungry, thirsty or an hour late for a party after already losing our way.

Our part of the Berkshires, where we spend summers, though less fashionable than the Tanglewood area, abounds in antique shops plain and fancy. One, housed in a big white barn and guarded by ominously snarling police dogs, can be inspected "by appointment only"; it caters mainly to dealers from New York, Boston and Palm Beach and is presided over by a hard-headed Smith alumna who spends her winters in Europe stocking up. She has rare, marvelous things and unfortunately (from our point of view) is all too knowledgeable about what they're worth. No bargains here, no cobbler's benches even—but authentic English eighteenth-century portraits and sporting pictures, Spanish furniture and Portuguese tiles. Across the street from her a couple of emigrés from East Hampton or the equivalent have done over an eighteenth-century farmhouse and furnished it with fine Americana, which they can be persuaded to sell given the proper cash inducement. We are reluctant to disturb the décor by buying anything, but others must be less inhibited for each year the stock is new. These two emporia, we think, give cachet to the neighborhood—but our furniture comes from Mr. and Mrs. Orlovsky, down the road a piece, whose house-cum-store, newly painted this year in brilliant lavender, is only open weekends and during Mr. Orlovsky's vacation from his job in a New Britain factory.

Mr. Orlovsky, whom we've gotten to know rather well, runs the shop mainly for the fun of it; his children are married and the store, he says, "keeps the wife out of mischief." During the off seasons they go to auctions and tag sales to stock up for the summer business. ("Skiers don't spend money," he says scornfully.) His wares are varied: You can always find serviceable book cases, tables, bureaus and chairs but he also goes in for glass, china, silver, old picture frames and a few books—the last time we were there he was selling his wife's family Bible for three dollars. A strong advocate of paint remover and linseed oil, in addition he's very interested in the provenance of each piece, no matter how beat-up it is. One of our tables, for instance, was a counter in a draper's shop, circa 1880; another,



in golden oak and lavishly curlicued and finialed, served, he told us, as a baptismal font in a church in Bristol, Connecticut. "You can get rid of that water stain easy if you sand it down," said Mr. Orlovsky—but we keep the stain as evidence of the table's hallowed beginnings.

ANTIQUING, it goes without saying, is a matter of luck. Finding Mr. Orlovsky was luck, especially since his prices are far below the going rate elsewhere in the Berkshires. Another piece of luck were the two paintings we found in a small shop somewhere off the Taconic Parkway. One is a primitive with a white octagonal church (an American rarity) silhouetted against an autumnal sunset; the other is a more sophisticated rendering of a paddle-wheel steamer on the Hudson near West Point by an anonymous Hudson River School artist. With their original carved gold-leaf frames, they cost us $12 apiece. Ever since, we've hunted fruitlessly for that store—I'd know it in a minute—in hopes of another *trouvaille*. Alas! it seems to have evanesced into thin air, the only evidence of its actuality being the mute presence of these two pictures in our dining room.

Some antiquers are adventurers looking for anything that strikes their fancy, the kind who buy an old ox yoke for their living room. Others are grimly serious in their pursuit of such *outré* items as button-hooks, barbed wire (a Midwestern mania), insulators from dismantled telephone poles—or bottles. The current bottle fad may well rival the Dutch tulip madness of the seventeenth century. In New Hampshire, store after store displays bottles exclusively, everything from 1970 imported or domestic wine flasks (which often cost more empty than they did full) to that familiar denizen of the medicine cabinet, a Milk of Magnesia bottle in

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all its blue splendor. This, so help me, cost $5; a 1922 Coke bottle was almost priceless. One proprietor offered us $3 apiece for our dust-gathering accumulation of Swiss *schnapps* and German stoneware Steinhaeger bottles, which we never throw away because they're so good to root plants in. Talk about buried treasure!

In a way, our national passion for antiques may be connected with our national passion for the new, anything new. An occasional antique satisfies that need for tradition which permanent innovation threatens to destroy; it provides a kind of balance, and to do so, it needn't even be very old. Indeed, most of what you find in antique shops today is not antique at all, at least as defined by the U.S. Customs, which says an "antique" is something over a hundred years old. What you do find is yesterday's discards, things gotten rid of because they're shabby, out of style or —far more likely—because its owners bought a brand new substitute. A neighbor of ours who stopped by when we were having a new pump installed looked at the old one and observed sagely, "Wow! That sure is an antique!" It was forty years old and didn't work —but most throwaways are perfectly usable and before long acquire the patina of quaintness that qualifies them as antiques. Today's Milk of Magnesia bottle, tomorrow's Bon Vivant soup can? □

VIDEO

MARTIN WILLIAMS

What To Do with TV?

Television. Potentially a means to educate the masses, bring literacy to the illiterate, uplift the common man. A way of bringing news, public affairs and political discussion into every home. TV could teach history and geography. It could bring the greatest plays, the best music and musical theater to us all.

To anyone 45 or over such pronouncements must seem familiar: The same kinds of things were once said about radio and about motion pictures. I have no doubt that they were also said about the printing press.

Of course it does not matter how we say we ought to use television. What matters is how we do use television. And we use it, it turns out, in much the same way that we have used the radio and movies and the printing press. We use it mostly to tell ourselves stories, stories that inform us, or pretend to inform us, about the way we are, and the way we behave toward one another.

It is no good to say that most television comedy and drama are merely the trivia and ephemera of our times. Most of anything is trash. Certainly most of popular art is, and to keep saying so is to belabor the obvious on the one hand, or to indulge in facile critical pretentiousness on the other.

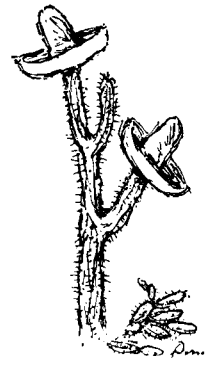
In any case, it seems to me that a medium which has produced (at random) Ernie Kovacs, Phil Silvers' Sergeant Bilko, *Naked City*, Lucille Ball, *The Dick Van Dyke Show*, Rocky the Flying Squirrel and Carol Burnett need apologize to no one.

TELEVISION, as I say, is popular art. And if one is to accept the conclusions of the great art scholar and critic, Irwin Panofsky, popular art always shows a sense of humor (often a crude one), a rather elementary sense of right and wrong, a sentimentality, a mild interest in pornography and an instinct for violence.

These things are the universals of popular art and one cannot legislate or censor them away. Rule out fisticuffs or swordplay on the Saturday morning kiddie shows, and the flashing of "psychedelic" lights, the rapid crosscutting of cameras one to another, the frantic in-and-out jerking of the zoom lenses, and the stridency of the rock music will suggest proportions of violence previously undreamed of. Or, to go back a bit further, suppress the frank sexual parodies of Mae West, and you will soon get that repressed goddess of unsex, Rita Hayworth.

Those things being granted, it is simply a matter of what the individual popular artist can do with the medium in which he works, be that artist Shakespeare or George Herriman, Rabelais or Fred Astaire, Dickens or Duke Ellington.

Each dramatic and narrative medium tends to find its own techniques and to evolve its own aesthetic and its own classic. Adaptation from one medium to another is possible, but it sometimes takes the subtlest directorial awareness. As the movies discovered long ago, it simply will not do to set up cameras in front of a classic play or opera and photograph it.



Let's take a plot, one that could typically be found among medieval morality tales, mid-Thirties movies and modern TV. A young couple is destitute and desperate for money. Temptation crosses the husband's path in the form of an opportunity to steal something and apparently get away with it. He is discovered in the act and attacks and kills his discoverer. He flees with his wife and becomes a fugitive. He is eventually caught and punished.

Now let's embellish it a bit. Let us say that the young husband needs the money not only to feed himself and his wife but more importantly to feed a newborn child. This will strengthen sympathy and also make the fugitive flight more perilous. Further, let's add a note of irony and say that the husband did not really kill his discoverer but only thought that he did.

If this plot were used in a 1930s movie, the emphasis would be on the circumstances of the chase and capture. Perhaps by the 1940s we might have the added note of irony that the couple was captured when the husband was forced to slow down the flight to protect his infant child.

However, if that standard plot were used on a good hour TV series today —on *Gunsmoke*, say, or a cops and robbers show like *The FBI* or *Ironside* —it would be given a quite different emphasis. We would center on the characters of the fugitives and their relationship. The effect on the father's character of a growing recognition that he has become a thief and perhaps a killer. The effect on the wife as she realizes she has married a thief and a murderer, who has become a fugitive and made her a fugitive too. In short, the story would be treated for its moral and dramatic potential as a revelation of character.

And that, it seems, it not only a tribute to television but a remarkable development for popular art of any kind. □

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HAZELTON

(Continued from page 992)

ing under three pounds, operated by six pen-lite batteries and equipped with a laminated chart for $159.50! (Buckley relatives, take notice as *the* present for Bill.) But I would have use for some terrific looking denim luggage: a 22-ounce red-trimmed blue triple-zippered bag that fits under the plane seat for only $32.50, and there are other pieces to match. Things that make fishing more pleasant occupy fifteen pages of the A&F catalog; there are trendy clothes for male and female as well as the solid sportswear safari people and the like need. A nice gift to bring to one's hostess would be some pieces of old-fashioned pottery, such as blue pots with one picturesque orange crab on top, with handles fashioned like small clams, this for bouillabaisse and only $17.50, the individual servers costing $7.50.

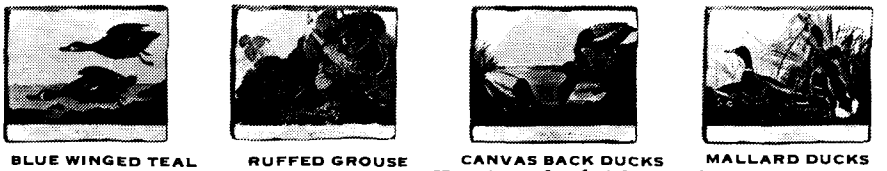
The joys of Hammacher Schlemmer are equally great. If you really want to impress your donee, treat him to a Telephone Valet; it is a desktop unit with a wooden veneer which can transfer an incoming call to a different number at a different location automatically, at $799. A Radar Range would be nice for a homebody, since it does bacon in one minute, baked potatoes in three and it is safe and clean as well, at $450. You can also bestow the largesse of a Hot Dog Cart, the exact model in stainless steel of the carts which ply Manhattan. It costs $1,295, but it could be the making of your child, setting him/her on the way to tycoonship. A license for such a cart would afford a young person an incomparable opportunity to make money and observe life at the same time. From Hammacher, for an aristocratic dog, there is an exact, three-foot carpeted and domed model of Marie Antoinette's doghouse; you will be glad to know that it has tapestry on the inside—this for $500. But don't get me wrong—Hammacher has lots and lots and lots of lovely gifts for as little as $5, such as a salad plate, or for even less, hand-painted pottery plates with flowers, six for $16.50, or a clam opener for $5. It is a great place to shop for a great many things you need far beyond the scope of the household.

Fifth Avenue is blessed with the magnificent tobacconist, Dunhill London, which carries a remarkable selection of items for dedicated smokers. The Humidor Room has personalized bins of cigars kept at a stable temperature. Both humidity and heavily scented women are excluded. The famous Dunhill lighters range from $55 to $2,900. One lighter with a semi-precious jeweled top is $1,250; matching cufflinks are $795. Also available: cigars-of-the-month, a gift box of cigars that will be delivered on the first day of every month for a year. The boxes range in price from $8 to $80. And if you're that curious, there's always *The Gentle Art of Smoking* ($6) by Alfred Dunhill, a perceptive compilation of information on the growing and curing of tobacco, cigars and snuff.

But Dunhill also carries other lines of gifts, a snazzy set of matched ballpoint and felt-tipped pens and pencils, at $20 each, for instance. Or, and how about this, a beautifully carved chess set that pits "The Hippies" against "The Establishment."

Since the child is father of the man, as the poet says, the present of a construction kit or a custom-finished 1907 Fiat Racer or a 1932 Rolls Royce Phantom II Coupe by Pocher would bring immense happiness to a sports car fan. These kits are *the* real thing for accuracy in design and materials. The Fiat kit contains 823 highly detailed parts in metals, copper, iron, leather, rubber, brass etc., and the Rolls Royce kit over two thousand. The construction kit of the Fiat costs $65 and the custom-finished model $195. The Rolls Royce Kit is $139.95 and the finished model $375. My son, a sports-car expert, says that these kits are what he wants for Christmas.

Now to the tax angle, which shows that the government does have some sort of a heart. IRS allows you to deduct $25 per recipient per year of the cost of your giving, which represents cost to donor, not retail price. This is the basic thing to remember. But stores that specialize in corporate gifts will advise you of all the details, and you can also get Publication 463 (10-70) "Travel, Entertainment and Gift Expenses" from your friendly Internal Revenue Service which explains it all in detail. □



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BAARSLAG
(Continued from page 991)

During the past year or so the Chicoms have made a number of worldwide, short-wave broadcasts in various languages referring directly to President Nixon and/or his Administration's policies. Here are a few choice selections of how they have described Richard Milhous Nixon:

"Belligerent god of plague" . . . "Big war criminal" . . . "Plague god of war" . . . "Political swindler and gambler" . . . "Imperialist gangster" . . . "Executioner whose hands are dripping with blood" . . . "His extremely ferocious, wicked and cunning true features" . . . "Nixon dished up a stinking report on Cambodia" . . . "Cowardice of a U.S. brigand whose hands are tainted with blood" . . . "Faithful pawn of Wall Street bosses [Marx is then quoted as once defining capitalists as being 'born into this world, tainted with blood and filth from head to toe']"

A long, vituperative anti-American broadcast last May quoted Chairman Mao as saying: "While massacring the people in other countries, U.S. imperialism is slaughtering the white and black people of its own country. Nixon's fascist atrocities have kindled the raging flames of revolutionary mass movement in the United States." The "broad masses of revolutionary students have clearly seen the true face of the butcher Nixon from their lessons in blood." (A May 6, 1970 broadcast from Peking in Chinese)

Nixon's mild handling of the April-May demonstrations in Washington earned a long and virulent tirade from Peking. "U.S. imperialist chieftain Nixon . . . came out with an ugly face and talked nonsense. He put a pair of velvet gloves on his bloodstained hands to deceive the world. . . ." The broadcast concluded by exclaiming, "What a rascal!" (Peking domestic service in Chinese, May 7) And so it goes, day after day, month after month, both before and since the ping-pong ploy. □

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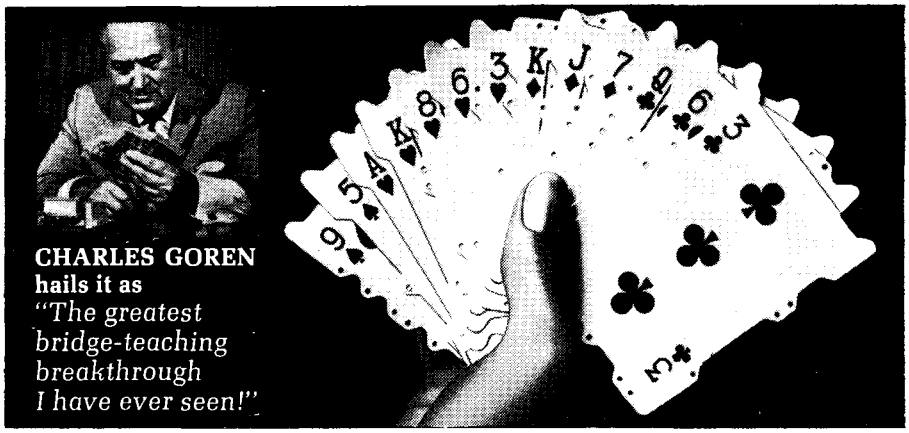

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Paul Harvey:

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WM. F. BUCKLEY JR.

Goodbye Milton Friedman

On The Right

New York, Aug. 16—It was, on the whole, a victory for the dirigistes, the economists who believe in strongarming the situation so as to bring about the desired results. The opposite approach is the market approach, with intervention substantially limited to careful increases in the money supply to keep steady the flow of grist for the expanding economic machine. It is obvious that Mr. Nixon's patience gave way, and that he turned from the course of action recommended by Messrs. Friedman and Schultz, in order to act decisively; or, if not that, in order to appear to be acting decisively.

CONCERNING what he actually did, a few observations:

1) It is remarkable that a single man can exercise the power the President exercises. Granted, those powers have been given him over the years by Congress, which happily dishes up enabling legislation and leaves it to the President to use the powers, or not. It was so in the matter of price controls. Whenever he chose, he could invoke them. He has chosen. We shall have price controls. For how long?

Here Mr. Nixon is playing the game artfully. He does not believe that price controls work either over the very short term or over the very long term. In the long term, price controls cannot work in a moderately free society because no human intelligence can keep track of the distortions caused by freely acting enterprises and consumers. In the very short term they cannot work because people will resist adjusting to them if relief is in prospect. To be told by an employer that he cannot grant a raise for ninety days means merely that on the 91st day the employee will insist on getting a raise that takes into account his accumulated, ninety-day thirst.

That being the case, the likelihood is that some time before the ninetieth day, the President will announce an additional ninety days, or 180 days, or whatever—stretching out the wage and price control period to an intermediate length, where temporarily it can be effective. Meanwhile, he hopes for a psychological break in upward expectations.

2) There are complicated reasons why the President is entitled to believe that the United States is unfairly shouldering too much of an overhead that should be distributed more equitably among responsible members of the international community. He didn't give these reasons. He should have. Because the enormous tariff increase will strike most people as a turn toward protectionism pure and simple. If Mr. Nixon is trying to tell Japan and Germany and Italy and France and England that our plight is related to our international commitments, done substantially for the benefit of Japan and Germany and Italy and France and England, he would have done well to have said so. Meanwhile, we are seeking to protect the dollar by the old and discredited expedient of The Tariff. Mr. Nixon did not point out that tariffs are themselves inflationary. It follows that if American consumers are not permitted to shop around for the lowest priced goods (that is the tariff's effect); they must pay higher prices. Poor, poor Mr. Sato. Peking, and now tariffs. He will know what Pearl Harbor felt like.

3) Mr. Friedman can absolutely be counted upon to say that his theories were not given an adequate exercise. There is no doubting that he is correct. But it is possible that his theories suffer from the overriding disqualification that they simply cannot get a sufficient exercise in democratic situations—because it takes longer for them to produce results than the public is prepared to wait.

THAT raises all the ancient issues: Is a society, once it has started tinkering with the economy as substantially as ours has done, forever committed to economic interventionism? Is it eternally involved in fine-tuning—up this tariff, down that tax, up that expenditure, freeze that interest rate: the only thing remaining constant being the rhetoric? That is always the same. Couéist. Things are getting better and better. Thanks—needless to say—to the current management. □

EXIT LINDSAY

New York, Aug. 14—Those who believe that Mr. John Lindsay's views have changed, and that that is the reason why he has now joined the Democratic Party, are mistaken. I undertook, six years ago, to run for mayor of New York City in order to protest John Lindsay's doing so in the name of the Republican Party. I said at the time that "Lindsay is a Republican largely as a matter of baptismal affirmation." After studying his voting record in Congress, I noted that the record "formally documents that during his stay in Congress he moved toward that position of extravagant compliance with the liberal orthodoxy which finally made him a hero to the Liberal Party, to the *New York Post* and to the *Nation* Magazine."

Nevertheless, the imposture lasted for a considerable length of time—and would have lasted forever, if a few wealthy New Yorkers had prevailed on Mr. Lindsay. It was pathetic. Eleven of them, including John Hay Whitney and David Rockefeller, begged Lindsay, in a letter published exactly 24 hours before Mr. Lindsay's repatriation, to stay in the Republican Party. What the wealthy Republicans said was that if Lindsay left the GOP, he would by so doing "contribute directly" to the creation of a "monolithic conservative party."

It is hard exactly to understand how this is so at a period when the monolithic conservative party abandoned by John Lindsay is involved in deficit spending of over $20 billion, cooing about the world in search of détente with the Communists and, at home, busily engaged in the expansion of the bureaucracy and the federalization of welfare. Mr. Lindsay should have very little quarrel with the profile of current Republicanism. But he nevertheless felt insecure, and unloved. And he was certainly unloved by the mainstream of Republicans he felt he represented. In 1969 the disengagement was formal. It was then that he failed to win the Republican primary for re-election.

Of course he should then and there

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have joined the Democratic Party. No need to elaborate on the high cost of playing Hamlet. He could have opposed Nelson Rockefeller in 1970 for the governorship, or he could have run against James Buckley and Charles Goodell for the Senate. In any event, he'd have had the workout which would be useful to his integration within Democratic ranks. That is an organizational disadvantage which may prove critical. All of this, of course, is known to Mr. Lindsay's mastermind, Richard Aurelio. He knows the odds are heavily against him, but the rewards are the greatest in the world. No doubt he has reasoned as follows:

The assumption that Lindsay would be beaten in a primary contest with a Democratic pro is antihistorical. The analogy comes to mind of the spring of 1960. The principal actors in the Democratic political drama were Hubert Humphrey, the old pro even then; and John Kennedy. Granted, Kennedy's legislative record was undistinguished, and granted that John Kennedy did not have the burden of the disastrous administration by John Lindsay of the affairs of New York City.

How would he fare, then, in a contest against Edmund Muskie—say in Wisconsin? Those who believe that Senator Muskie would slaughter Lindsay ought to ask themselves: Why did Jack Kennedy slaughter Humphrey in not dissimilar circumstances? Accept that he will overcome his record as mayor (Lindsay's Chappaquiddick), hasn't he got the other? The glamor, the looks, the charisma, the air of benign purpose, the aristocratic concern for the downtrodden?

And accept two other data. One of them that an affluent society tends to desire more and more theater from its politicians—the transition, as remarked by Norman Mailer, from the avuncular Eisenhower to the Oscar award-winning Jack Kennedy. And then begin counting the extra votes among the late teen-age set. It adds up to the possibility of very successful performances in the primaries. And remember, all he has to do is to win the first one in order to set the juggernaut moving. I can see Arthur Schlesinger's letter to George McGovern, explaining the higher imperatives of the duty to jump ship. All he would have to do is take the one he wrote Stevenson in 1960, and change the names and dates.

So that while there is cause to rejoice that Mr. Lindsay is now a Democrat—a major contribution to the restoration of meaning to the two-party system—there is no reason to believe that his career has ended. Aurelio may be dreaming, but his dream could be America's nightmare. □

THE HAPPINESS AT RIPON

New York, Aug. 24 —The Ripon Society is the little band of pleasant Cambridge amateurs whose mission on earth is to erase the distinctions between the Democratic and Republican parties. They style themselves "Progressive Republicans," which is an okay description of their beliefs and objectives on the understanding that it is impolite to ask these young professors and operators to explain the difference between Progressive Republicans and Progressive Democrats.

The bulletins of the Ripon Society are not inherently important, however commendable for their literacy and wit. But it is interesting to note the Society's reaction to President Nixon's China initiative. It bears remembering that since the founding of the Ripon Society, the hero has been: John V. Lindsay. Ripon's reaction to the tergiversation of what Mr. Anthony Spinelli of New York City calls "Sir John the Apostate" has not been publicly recorded. Silence would be understandable from the Vatican if Pope Paul suddenly joined the Seventh Day Adventists. But just before the apostasy the Ripon Society was crowing about Mr. Nixon's China venture.

"Let us give solemn thanks to Richard Nixon," says the *Ripon Forum* of August 15. "Who would have thought that in one fell speech he could sweep aside all the demographic predestinations of Kevin Phillips, all the warnings of right-wing revulsion, all the puff-adder menace of the Committee of One Million, all the ritual legacy of William Knowland and Walter Judd and Joe McCarthy, all the superstitions about the iron-fisted grip of Republican opinion; who would have thought that finally it would be Richard Nixon who would prove the validity of the progressive Republican strategy we have been proclaiming so long that the words become a hopeful litany we say as much to reassure ourselves as to persuade others?"

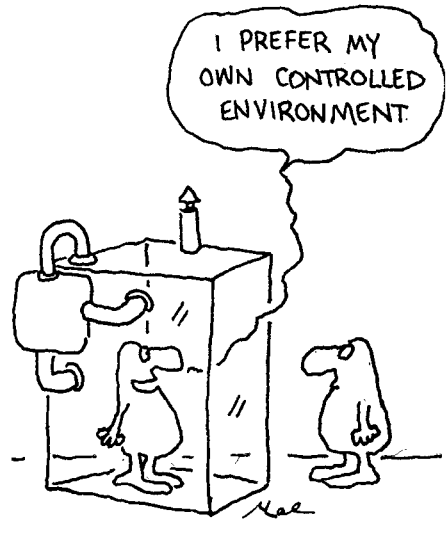
This judgment is interesting beyond the mere factional disputes between liberal and conservative Republicans. On the factional point—it is a point to remember—that John Lindsay's defection to the Democratic Party took place several weeks *after* the Kissinger trip, which is the cause of the Ripon Society's jubilation over triumphant progressivism in Nixon's policies in the Far East. Mr. Lindsay left the Republican Party in pursuit of his own fortunes.

But internal squabbling between Republicans and Republicans manqués aside, it is instructive to take note of the jubilation of the Ripon Society. They treat the initiative of Mr. Nixon as suggesting the beginning of a new era. They hail the universal approval given to Mr. Nixon's Chinese venture and comment upon it: "The China initiative and the response to it—which the President might profitably compare to the reaction to Spiro Agnew and the 1970 campaign—give us hope that Nixon has at last discovered the responsiveness of the American people to inspired Presidential leadership."

One supposes that there are conservatives in America who hope that in the next year or so the Chinese Communists will so resoundingly rebuff Richard Nixon as to make him appear the fool for having gone as far as he did in search of rapprochement. They are, I think a minority. There are (I believe) many more left Democrats who earnestly hope that the North Vietnamese will triumph over South Vietnam—simply to prove their point that we have been waging an unwinnable war—than there are right Republicans who hope that Red China will embarrass Nixon in order to prove that they were right in warning against his approach to summit conferences with Chou En-lai. But the quality of the enthusiasm for Mr. Nixon's initiative is, regrettably and alarmingly, to be compared with the elation felt in most English quarters when Mr. Chamberlain took the initiative in meeting with Hitler at Munich. The Riponers of England were talking then about the inspired leadership of Mr. Chamberlain, a year or two before a lot of them died in pitched battle against the soldiers whose leader Mr. Chamberlain sought to appease.

It is easy to be inspiring by doing that which sweeps people off their feet. Peace-talk does that, every time. The Question remains unanswered: What have we gotten from the Red Chinese? □

(Washington Star Syndicate, Inc.)



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Trans-O-Gram

By SVEND PETERSEN

DEFINITIONS

A. A legendary English outlaw who inspired advocates of unlimited governmental spending — 16 108 84 63 184 177 112 159 21

B. Offered more than someone else — 58 122 99 70 124 11

C. This is the life of trade — 115 103 146 167 218 202 211 216 26 110 151

D. A baseball — 144 168 187 7 207 217 86 133 181

E. What the dodo is — 152 198 14 116 109 24 143

F. An occupation, profession, or trade — 192 139 8 118 190 170 76 149

G. A substitute for an actor or actress — 45 29 80 100 136 120 165 71 97 173

H. A slight trace — 48 92 180 88 126 153 172 195 206 212

I. A cold drink — 4 15 39 56 66 75 89

J. Not shedding the leaves annually — 64 33 36 78 98 130 140 155 178 185 193 3

K. Queen Victoria's father-in-law — 96 25 158 17 77 123 150

L. Antiquated or obsolete — 125 2 51 67 104 164 175 179 186 189 194 203 9

M. What Mark Twain piloted — 196 19 200 105 27 44 135 43 117

N. A tool — 209 38 128 60 20 219 52 81 106

O. Affecting the hip — 23 42 47 65 69 73 53

P. Undeveloped — 10 62 210 30 57 148 40 55

Q. Built a nest — 12 107 157 68 111 41 129 142

R. To make smart or spruce (one of two sp.) — 54 79 31 83 61 169 174 131 197

S. Lepomis auritus — 85 132 204 90 182 215 37 72 94

T. Incidental remarks — 91 1 28 46 49 162 176 183 201 205 213

U. Not restrained by social convention — 113 5 32 74 95 102 147 156 160 166 191

V. An uprising that occurred in China in 1900 — 121 13 50 59 101 114 119 138 145 188 208 22 82 87

W. Written law — 141 6 127 154 161 171 35 199 214 18

X. Yankee first baseman, 1943 World Series — 163 93 134 137 34

DIRECTIONS

The object of TRANS-O-GRAM is to fill out the puzzle diagram by guessing the WORDS (above) from their DEFINITIONS, and transferring each letter of the guessed word to the correspondingly numbered square in the diagram. When the diagram is filled out it will spell out a quotation from some published work (reading normally from left to right, blank boxes indicating the ends of words); also, when the WORDS have all been filled in above, their initial letters will spell out the author and title of the quoted work. The acrostic feature, and the relative word-lengths in the diagram, will assist in the solution. Spelling and definitions on the authority of *Webster's New International Dictionary*, Second Edition.

See page 1008 for solution of last Trans-O-Gram

	1 T	2 L	3 J	4 I	5 U	6 W	7 D	8 F	■	9 L	10 P	11 B	■	12 Q	13 V	14 E	■	15 I
16 A	17 K	18 W	19 M	20 N	■	21 A	22 V	23 O	24 E	25 K	26 C	27 M	28 T	29 G	30 P	31 R	32 U	33 J
34 X	■	35 W	36 J	■	37 S	38 N	39 I	40 P	41 Q	42 O	43 M	■	44 M	45 G	46 T	■	47 O	48 H
■	49 T	50 V	51 L	52 N	53 O	54 R	55 P	56 I	■	57 P	58 B	■	59 V	60 N	61 R	62 P	63 A	64 J
65 O	66 I	67 L	■	68 Q	69 O	■	70 B	71 G	72 S	73 O	74 U	75 I	76 F	77 K	■	78 J	79 R	80 G
■	81 N	82 V	83 R	■	84 A	85 S	86 D	87 V	88 H	■	89 I	90 S	91 T	92 H	93 X	■	94 S	95 W
96 K	■	97 G	98 J	99 B	100S	101V	102U	103C	104L	105M	106N	107Q	108A	109E	■	110C	111Q	■
112A	113U	114V	■	115C	116E	117M	118F	119V	120G	■	121V	122B	123K	■	124B	125L	■	126H
127W	128N	129Q	130J	131R	132S	133D	■	134X	135M	■	136G	137X	138V	139F	140J	141W	142Q	■
143E	144D	145V	146C	■	147U	148P	149F	150K	151C	152E	153H	154W	■	155J	156U	157Q	■	158K
159A	160U	■	161W	162T	163X	164L	165G	166U	■	167C	168D	169R	170F	171W	172H	173G	■	174R
175L	176T	■	177A	178J	179L	180H	181D	182S	■	183T	184A	■	185J	186L	187D	■	188V	189L
190F	191U	■	192F	193J	194L	■	195H	196M	■	197R	198E	199W	200M	201T	202C	203L	204S	■
205T	206H	■	207D	208V	209N	210P	211C	212H	213T	214W	215S	■	216C	217D	218C	219N	■	■

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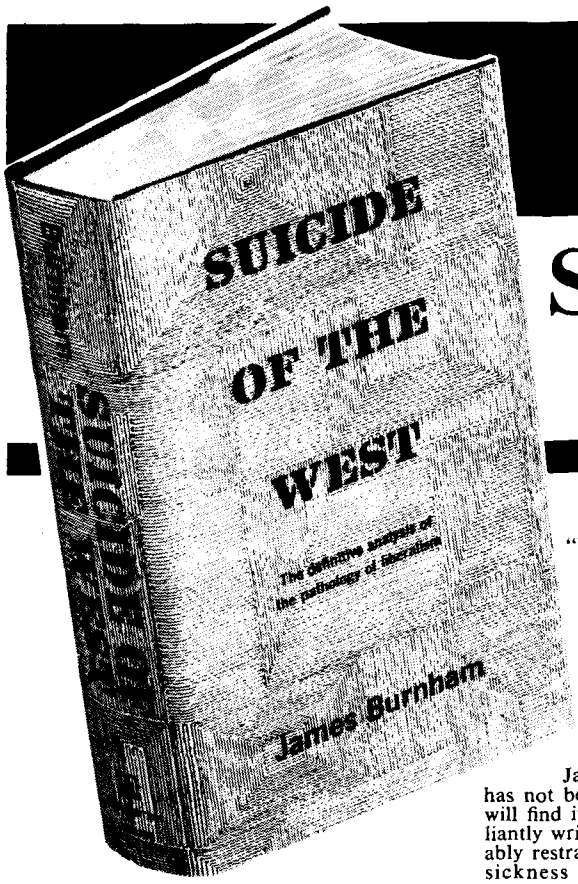

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